The Nation.

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The Week.

The first report of the National Civic Federation is pretty strongly adverse to the principle and practice of municipal ownership. An exhaustive investigation of the subject was made in Great Britain and the United States. Highly significant are the facts reported by J. W. Sullivan, of the Commission, regarding the effect of municipalization upon labor. It appears that, except in the most poorly paid forms of employment and upon tramways, the wage has not been raised above that of workmen in private concerns. Municipal ownership is declared to be favorable to the "open shop"; for public appointments must be possible to all citizens, and Government regulations must be superior to those of the union. Consequently, when union men obtain municipal employment, they frequently decline to pay their dues to the union. There is a certain grim humor in Mr. Sullivan's statement that "in America the municipalized enterprises have been rich mines for significant facts relating to politics, rather than to labor." Prof. J. R. Commons of Wisconsin University, who was also on the Commission, is more favorably disposed towards municipal ownership, and advocates the recognition of organized labor by the municipal enterprise. But this would mean not municipal, but union, control. In any case, municipalization does not promise to give to the workingman that Utopian paradise which its supporters have prophesied.

The Philadelphia *North American* has summarized the results of the three months' inquiry of the committee which has been investigating the construction and furnishing of the Pennsylvania State Capitol. It has been shown that of the $13,000,000 expended, at least $5,000,000 was wasted in graft. It has appeared that the architect, Joseph M. Huston, absolutely dominated all State officials on the Capitol Commission and the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings, from his appointment as architect in 1901 until the exposure of the fraud, and that he scandalously betrayed his trust. Gov. Pennypacker, who is probably as honest a man personally as ever held office, trusted everything to Huston in a way which certainly lays him open to very severe criticism for his "innocent connivance with wrongdoing." So busy an official as the Governor should, of course, never have been on such a commission, but once he was there it was his duty to know what was going on. No direct evidence has been produced of political partnership with the grafters except the testimony of S. Marshall Williams, an unsuccessful bidder, who swore that $10,000 had been paid him as hush money—it is thought by Congressman Cassel, who may have been acting for the State leaders. All the State officials concerned have testified to their innocence, their failure to profit by the jobbery, and have denied any arrangement with the political leaders to divide profits. But, says the *North American*, "Their explanations both as to the letting of the metallic furniture contract to Cassel and in the subsequent handling of the Sanderson bronze furniture contracts and their carrying out, are contradictory, mutually incriminating, and direct evidence exists convicting certain members of the boards of guilty knowledge of gross irregularities from the start." No checks were put upon any expenditures until the reform wave in Pennsylvania had elected W. H. Berry State Treasurer. Then all of the amounts due on the fraudulent contracts were hastily paid before Berry took office.

The most mischievous form of sensationalism is the glib prophecy which many public speakers like to indulge in whenever important diplomatic questions are pending. However irresponsible these orators may be, their words are telegraphed to all quarters of the globe, and serve to excite the ignorant at home, and make a false impression abroad. The other day, a retired general of the army, Oliver O. Howard, said that Japan could not "whip us," provided Great Britain remained our friend; and a rear-admiral, returning from the East, predicted "war with Japan within five years." At the American dinner in London, Mr. Reid referred to "the perniciously industrious diplomacy of these later times" as a cause of international difficulties. But the fault does not lie wholly with diplomacy: it is in evidence in extra-diplomatic circles when perniciously industrious persons kindle a fire which they have not the power to put out.

The beginning of legislation in the South along social lines was remarkably illustrated by the record of the last North Carolina Assembly, which voted money for schools and institutions in a really lavish way. Primarily, $500,000 was granted for an institution for mental defectives, idiots, epileptics, insane, etc., curable or incurable. Next the Legislature paid its attention to sufferers from tuberculosis, voting $5,000 for a tuberculosis ward at Morganton, and $15,000 for a State tuberculosis sanatorium, which is to receive $5,000 annually. County commissioners, by another statute, are now required to separate tubercular prisoners from those in good health in all prisons and detention camps. The child labor law was strengthened by prohibiting night work for children under fourteen, and raising the age limit to thirteen for the illiterate. Next, a tentative compulsory school attendance law was also put on the books, excepting, it is true, some counties, but enabling the others to apply it when certain that public sentiment is ready. The Assembly's interest in the schools did not end there. Provision was made for a system of high schools for such counties as wish them; an eastern training school for teachers and a school of technology along original lines were established, while the financial grants to the State University and colleges were largely increased. Finally, a reform school for delinquent children, called the Stonewall Jackson School, has been begun, and its management placed in the hands of women. Of course, these votes bespeak the growing prosperity of North Carolina, as does the increase of Confederate pensions from $275,000 to $400,000. But more than that, they illustrate clearly the great change that is coming in the attitude of the South towards social questions from the legislative standpoint.

In upholding the "Jim Crow car" laws of the South, the Interstate Commerce Commission falls back upon previous rulings by members of the Commission and upon a decision of the Supreme Court. It is, Commissioner Lane holds, no discrimination to separate blacks and whites when equal accommodations are afforded both races. In the particular case before him, the railroad had discriminated in that it did not furnish a wash-bowl and towels and a smoking compartment for negro passengers. With these oversights remedied, the Commission feels that there is no discrimination left; that to put all black persons into one car and all whites into another is perfect equality in the good old American sense. Under this decision, any railroad will in the future be justified in marking certain cars, "For Jews only," others "For Chinese and Japanese exclusively," and still others, "None but Dagoes may ride here"—and our learned commissioners, on gravely inspecting to see that each coach had the same number of towels and wash-bowls, would declare that they could find no discrimination of any kind. As

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a matter of fact, they have done their best to help create classes in this democracy—a white class and a black class. As men of intelligence, they know perfectly well that nowhere in the South are the Jim Crow accommodations equal to those given to the whites, either in cleanliness or sufficiency. The railroads simply decline to "clean cars for niggers," knowing them to be not, as the Commission pretends, on an equality, but grossly discriminated against, and unable to protest efficiently by reason of their being deprived of the ballot.

Rhode Island has cause for rejoicing in the resignation of Boss Brayton from the executive committee of the Republican State Central Committee, as a preliminary step towards retirement from political life. After thirty years of devoted service to party and pocket, this unselfish patriot lays down his sword, wraps the mantle of virtue about him, and bids the torch be handed on to "younger and abler" hands. Why linger further in an age and among a race that would not have Colt for United States Senator? The historic ingratitude of republics drives the Boss from his office in the State House, which was so long a home to him. The fall is tragic, and yet Rhode Island can scarcely be blamed for yielding to the spirit of the time and seeking her own purification. Like Delaware, she has shown that even if the small State may be more easily captured by the political brigand, there are limits beyond which audacity cannot go. Evidently the wave of reform has not yet spent its force, and the name or title of boss is still odorous in the land. One by one the pillars and ornaments of an old system are disappearing. Addicks, Lentz, Ruef, Brayton, Odell—it is a muster roll of the dead. Only our own Platt still clings pitifully to the throne of place, if not of power, faithful to the end—and to himself.

No good American could possibly have escaped a thrill of gratitude towards John D. Rockefeller for his gracious kindliness towards his country. He bears no resentment against these United States for sending a number of marshals to secure his presence in Chicago, nor against Judge Landis for trying to live up to his duties as a member of the Federal judiciary. He is only sorry that the deputy marshals, in their youthful enthusiasm, should have thought they could really get him if he chose to keep out of their hands; and he can only pity Judge Landis for thinking that a Rockefeller could be made to tell on the witness stand anything he preferred not to tell. Why make all this bother, then, in the case of a harmless old man who really doesn't know anything about Standard Oil, except that it comes out of the ground and is taken care of by Archbold, Rogers, and Pratt, and who lives even as the sparrow, receiving with unquestioning faith his twenty millions yearly without inquiring whence they come, or why?

The Cosmopolitan Society, which has been organized in Brooklyn by members of various nationalities and races, for the purpose of promoting good feeling between such races and opposing the exploitation of any one by any other, is a little out of the general category of associations formed for serious purposes. It has the admirable object of interesting itself at once in the anti-Japanese crusade and the Jim Crow car movement. To be consistent, the Italian and the Jew must also come under its sympathetic concern. It will be interesting to see how long such a body can maintain its existence without subordinating its ideal of the parliament of man to some particular issue. It is the general opinion of those most experienced in forming leagues, we believe, that it is unwise to hitch a wagon to more than one star. Yet the gain in efficiency and unanimity may sometimes be offset by a loss in real influence. Advocates of this or that special measure are incessantly trying to secure favorable expressions of opinion from the permanent bodies that are not formed for one special kind of propaganda, and command the more influence for that reason, like the Chamber of Commerce, the National Board of Trade, and, preëminently, the great political parties.

Professor Münsterberg has returned to Boston after spending four days at Boisé, where he studied the mental characteristics of Orchard. While the professor has not yet made a systematic report of his observations, he has given some account of his visit to the Boston *Transcript*. It appears that Orchard has "brutal lines from forehead to chin," that the lobes of his ears, his retreating forehead, and glittering eyes proclaim him a degenerate. He has a remarkable memory, and speaks the truth. Every facility was offered to Professor Münsterberg for making his investigation. The Governor of Idaho himself introduced him to the prisoner. But unless more interesting results than those reported are forthcoming, it would seem that the eight days spent in travelling between Boisé and Boston were, scientifically considered, so much time wasted. Professor Münsterberg thinks that in the future the psychological expert may have an important place in courts of justice, even as chemists, physiologists, and alienists have now. But to admit psychological expert evidence in most trials would open the door to every sort of charlatanry. The cry to-day is not more, but fewer, experts.

Professor Garfield's election to the presidency of Williams College, in succession to Dr. Hopkins, whose resignation will take effect next year, has a significance more than personal. He will be the first layman to be at the head of Williams. His clerical predecessors filled chairs of "Christian Ethics" and "Natural Theology." Professor Garfield has been a teacher of law, a lecturer on political science and the whole democratic movement. To make such a man as he president of Williams is as violent a break with tradition as was the choice of a professor of economics for the presidency of Yale, or an historian for Princeton. Yet it is precisely men of the Garfield type to whom college trustees are now looking. When to broad training and wide experience of the world and acquaintance with educational methods, one unites vigor and genial address and practical capacity, fitness for the presidency of a college does not depend upon the further question whether one is a clergyman. Going back to an institution with which his father's name is indissolubly connected, Professor Garfield will enter upon a large opportunity.

The "Mikado" opera question is still agitating the British public. Joseph H. Longford, whose service in Japan as British consul at various places extends over thirty-three years, writes to the London *Times* that, twenty years ago, the Japanese were scarcely known in England, and no one thought of paying the slightest attention to them, while visitors from Japan hid their feelings in silence. Circumstances have changed completely, and to-day we can estimate how the Japanese must receive the knowledge that "the English people have publicly burlesqued in the most offensive manner" their sovereign, who is also a spiritual head, like the Pope, from "the spirit that has been aroused by the incomparably less humiliating affront which has been offered by the people of San Francisco." Mr. Longford relates an incident to show how the Japanese themselves acted in a similar case. Over thirty years ago a theatrical company produced a drama which included a burlesque of the Crucifixion. Sir Harry Parkes, British Minister at the time, remonstrated informally with the Japanese Government, and the drama was at once prohibited.

At a university settlement meeting in Manchester, England, Mrs. Humphry Ward spoke on the "Needs of City Children for Play." It is important that places should be set apart where they can amuse themselves during their leisure hours; otherwise they spend their time in the streets, and quickly fall into vice and crime. Such places are the more needed because the homes of

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many children are so unfit. "They go, perhaps, into the midst of drunken fights, where they may be knocked about, and they cling to the play-centre." Mrs. Ward dwelt also upon the necessity of directing the play of the young, in which she said New York set an excellent example. Yet many of the English towns are better organized for carrying on this good work. In some there are not only play-centres, but industrial schools in which the children are amused, and learn how to gain a livelihood. In this city, the opening of the public school buildings for play during the summer vacation has been a great boon, especially to those who live far from any park or open square. The school houses are cooler and cleaner than the street, and the *morale* of the children can be attended to better when they are gathered in one place. Yet, after all, it is a barren substitute for the real country.

The result of the Parliamentary election for the Jarrow division of Durham, which was looked forward to with much interest as a possible index of the effect of the Nationalist revolt on the fortunes of the Liberal party, has turned out a surprise. It was thought that the defection of the Irish vote would be sufficient to give this Liberal stronghold to the Unionists, who in the last election did not even contest. As a matter of fact, the poll is headed by a Laborite, with a plurality of nearly 800 over the Unionist candidate, who in turn led his Liberal opponent by nearly 500 votes. Some 2,100 votes were cast for the Nationalist candidate, or 1,300 less than the Liberal strength. The curious feature of the election is that the total number of votes cast, 13,926, is about the same as that polled in January, 1906, when the Liberal candidate received 8,047 votes, against 5,093 for his Laborite opponent. An analysis of these figures would seem to show that the cut in the Liberal vote to less than one-half is not so serious as would appear. In 1906 not improbably a large percentage of the Unionists voted for the Liberal candidate against a professed Socialistic candidate. This year they have returned to their party. Actually, the Government has not suffered a very severe blow, since the Labor party, as far as the Liberal main programme is concerned, is still its ally. On the other hand, it seems doubtful whether the Nationalists, in any English seat, will be able to swing the balance in favor of the Unionist party. The Labor party, by nominating an Irish candidate—Peter Curran is the successful candidate from Jarrow—should always be able to capture a goodly portion of the dissident Nationalist votes.

Discontent with British rule in India is now reported to be assuming the form of secret military organization and drill preparatory to armed insurrection. Yet it is not with such comparatively tangible acts of disloyalty that the authorities should find it most difficult to cope, as with the vast religious and social agitation. Repression, though unpleasant, is at least comprehensible and natural in the face of rebellion. But how, in the present state of feeling in India, can the Government venture on suppressing meetings or forbidding acts and ceremonies which are by nature religious and intimately bound up with the innermost life of the people, without precipitating a crisis it must be anxious to avoid? We have spoken before this of the grotesque mixture of Occidental and Asiatic methods and ideas which the anti-British movement in India, and particularly in Bengal, shows. The commercial boycott and the school strike, as practised in Europe, are very well understood. The press is clever in avoiding the penalty of the law while preaching what the authorities consider sedition. There seems to be no want of trained speakers and organizers. But to further the sentiment of unity among the natives we have one leader recommending "the formation in every town and village of organizations for the performance of the Rakshi Kali pooja (blood sacrifice) every Amabashya night. With drums, torches, music, and fireworks vast congregations should assemble and sacrifice 101 white living goats." A combination of Eastern fanaticism and European weapons is what may confront the British Government.

Italy, which is beginning to feel the drain of her enormous emigration but finds it difficult at the same time to adopt a policy of absolute restriction, has done the next best thing by taking steps for facilitating the homeward flow of men and money from across the seas. In the discussions on the new emigration bill now before the Italian Parliament, it was pointed out that remittances from emigrants to their families at home were decreasing, and remedies were suggested in the form of reduced postal rates and improved facilities. To encourage Italians abroad who have acquired some wealth to seek repatriation, it is provided that the laws of citizenship be so modified as to make re-naturalization possible after a simple renunciation of foreign citizenship, or result automatically after a three years' residence. A news dispatch the other day quoted one Italian immigrant as coming to this country for the purpose of saving up ten dollars with which he might return home and purchase a cow. The speaker's vision will undoubtedly broaden with his first day on our shores, and when he goes back to Italy it will be undoubtedly with many times fifty lire, and the determination to take his place among the new class of small proprietors which is coming to constitute an important factor in the social life of Italy.

Italian anti-clericalism has just had its innings with the capture of the Roman municipal administration by the Radicals. The Catholic party in Italy is described as having a splendid organization, while their opponents have been weakened by factional strife. The present triumph of the anti-Catholic party was undoubtedly due in great measure to the profound dissatisfaction aroused by the recent policy of the Government in repeatedly giving official recognition to the dignitaries of the Vatican, and manifesting its good will for the Church in other ways. About two months ago the country was greatly stirred up because military honors were accorded to the newly created Cardinal Lorenzelli, on the occasion of his formal entry into his see of Lucca. About the same time Cardinal Cassetta was honored with a gun salute by an Italian man-of-war, and the cardinal patriarch of Venice, on presenting himself before the King during the latter's visit to the city, received precedence over all other officials, together with military honors due to a prince of the blood. More irritating to anti-clerical opinion has been the growing participation of the troops in religious fêtes and processions.

China's determination to be modern and Occidental is showing itself in more ways than one. In preparation for a representative form of government, which seems to be drawing nearer, Chinese students have apparently mastered the art of throwing bombs. If any striking evidence of the solidarity of the world is desired, it may be found in the rapidity with which the most backward nations have come to adopt modern means of political and revolutionary agitation. The boycott, the school-strike, the hunger-strike, are practised with commendable skill by Persians, Hindus, and Chinese. Now comes the use of explosives. The Chinese have undoubtedly learned from Russian exiles in Japan and in Mongolia. It is interesting to know that there is an appreciable Socialistic literature in Chinese, created for the most part by the aforementioned Russian exiles and refugees. Very probably, Russia's thousands of prisoners in Japan, among whom must have been numbers of discontented liberals and professional agitators, have supplied a certain impetus to the Socialist movement in the Mikado's Empire, whence in turn some of the ten thousand young Chinese students now studying in the Japanese universities bear the torch of progress or of revolution to their own shores.

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WORKING UP A WAR.

The old journalistic recipe for inflaming sentiment in favor of war is now being tried, with much preliminary success, in the case of Japan and the United States. Either country has its unscrupulous newspapers; but ours exceed the Japanese in number and in the devilish ingenuity with which the facilities for collecting and disseminating information are utilized to make the thoughts of readers bloody. We saw the whole process illustrated in 1895-98. Yellow journalism scored its greatest triumph, or touched its deepest shame, in bringing on the war with Spain. The methods were then made familiar. They are now being imitated, almost to a hair. If Franklin were alive, he would deduce from them rules for making a peace-loving nation turn into a quarrelsome braggart and bully.

Your truly warlike editor, living at ease, but writing as if he ate gunpowder, always begins by protesting that he ardently desires peace. He merely scatters his firebrands as "precautionary measures" setting the house on fire to test the efficiency of the engine company. Urging the doing of things which breathe of war and look to war, he asseverates his conviction that they will be the surest guarantee of peace. So it was before the war with Spain. This, that, or the other hostile move was declared by the newspapers in charge of the campaign to be the one thing that would certainly avert war. So now, the dispatch of our battleships to the Pacific is represented as the infallible means of keeping the peace. Yet the naval demonstration is, at the same time, seized upon as an excuse for printing columns and pages of matter which can have but one aim and one effect—to provoke the war spirit. Naval experts are called upon to state whether the fleet is "ready," and whether we could surely whip Japan. Then there is gathered reams of stuff going to show that "Editors Endorse Plan to Send Fleet of Big Battleships to the Pacific." This is got by scraping the press of the country, and erecting the Butte *Inter-Mountain* and the Fort Wayne *Sentinel* into important organs of national opinion. Next comes the assembling of "Public Sentiment" as expressed by "Representative Citizens." In special dispatches we are informed what Michael Ryan of Cincinnati considers to be correct naval strategy, and what Moses H. Brand of Milwaukee thinks the true policy to pursue. All this is churned over, or whipped into froth, day after day, with a result which is often comic, frequently ridiculous, but which remains in the end both disgusting and perilous.

Most people, we know, simply laugh at all this newspaper dabbling in war. But is it not dangerously like "the laughter of fools"? The fool, wrote Burne-Jones in one of his letters, has three laughs. "He laughs at what is good, he laughs at what is bad, and he laughs at what he does not understand." It is this latter, empty amusement over the attempt of certain editors to "get up a war score," which is really disquieting. It ought to be better understood what this sort of thing leads to. It poisons the general mind by making its presuppositions warlike instead of peaceful. Men and nations are what they are largely on account of their mental presumptions, the atmosphere which they unconsciously carry about with them. This, in an industrial democracy like ours, is normally one of peace. Business cannot go on, nor commerce extend, if men's minds are fixed upon battles and sieges and sudden death. Hence the need of cultivating the temperament of peace—of teaching citizens to look for stability of conditions and for orderly progress, instead of being on the watch, all the while, for the shocks of war. Hence, also, the villany of those lily-fingered and luxury-loving editors who, either to glut a private revenge, or to promote private financial speculations, or perhaps, merely to make a newspaper sensation in a dull season, try to upset the equilibrium of the country, and force thoughts of war into minds where, but for this wicked newspaper clamor, they would never find entrance. Such a phenomenon it will never do to treat, with our easy American good-nature, as merely a hot-weather joke—to pass it off with our perpetual giggle. Terrible consequences may spring from this criminal trifling.

One of the most unpleasant features of the whole affair is the strange course of the Administration. If our President were, on his own confession, anything but the sincerest and squarest of men, we should be troubled by the apparent duplicity of the statements made in his name. On Tuesday last his private secretary gave an official *démenti* to the rumors that a squadron of battleships was to be sent to the Pacific. "You may say that the President has not even considered the advisability of sending *any* ships to the Pacific." Two days later, this became a "possible" cruise to the Pacific, but not "at once." After that, came Secretary Metcalf's announcement in California that the battleships were to go directly to the Pacific, and that the plans for the movement had been made long before in Washington. All this may be firm and wise and consistent statesmanship, but any one can see how deplorably it lends itself to the brawling of the sensational newspapers. Considering the very bad impression made both at home and abroad, we think that the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy ought to revoke his order—or, if necessary, give out a new version of what he had always intended to do. If it is needful, for practice, or in order to show the world how quickly we can mobilize a fleet, that battleships be swiftly sent somewhere, let their destination be made the Mediterranean or the North Atlantic. Should the President, after all this vacillation and conflicting announcement, persist in sending the squadron of fighting ships to the Pacific, it can only be taken as a willingness, on his part, to heighten the bad feeling against the Japanese (with whom he was so dead in love only last December) and to encourage the talk of war.

TARIFF COUNSEL FROM THE COUNTING-ROOM.

Though it falls in the summer season, when the political thermometer is at its very lowest, the taking effect of the new German tariff agreement is made the occasion for a demonstration of distress by the standpatters. One could obtain, even before it took effect, a carefully compiled and comprehensive account of the havoc which the agreement is to inflict on American industry. Any one who accepts the premises that the interest of any single branch of manufactures is superior to that of the whole country, and that the buying of foreign products is an evil *per se*, can work himself to a high pitch of alarm over even the smallest grudging concession. That Germany has received something in exchange for a second postponement of her advanced tariff on our products is, of course, the height of injustice to the high-tariff mind.

Under our system, opinions of mere "consumers" are not likely to avail against the Dingley tariff until they are supplemented by the demands of special industries, interests pulling against interests. How far this force is already in operation is well shown by the opinions from business men assembled in the *Annals of the American Academy*, under the title of "Tariffs, Reciprocity, and Foreign Trade." Here is no counsel from the closet. Charles Deering writes on the tariff and the price of agricultural machines; Louis Müller of Baltimore on its relation to the grain trade; J. Ogden Armour on the tariff and our foreign trade in meats; Maurice Coster, export manager of the Westinghouse Company, on its relation to our foreign trade in electrical apparatus; A. Augustus Healy on the leather industry, and W. B. Mershon of Saginaw, Mich., on the lumber trade.

These great national industries are unconnected; one might prosper while the others declined, or successfully invade a foreign market from which the others were repulsed. Yet the picture here drawn of industrial conditions today is surprisingly alike in its several parts. Each export industry, these ex-

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perts declare, maintains itself precariously, and is everywhere menaced, unless our Government is willing to join with those of Europe to secure freer trade, or to give relief by admitting raw materials. The tariff which Germany holds in readiness when our present agreement expires is so high that, as Mr. Deering says, "If such an increase does not destroy our German trade in agricultural implements, it will be sufficient at least to cripple seriously its development." Under that of Austria-Hungary, "it is only a question of time when more-favored manufacturers will drive American products out of the market." As for grain, Mr. Müller declares that "there is absolutely no hope of competing with any country that enjoys the minimum rates, if the United States has to pay the maximum rates, because it is hardly conceivable that the wants of Germany cannot be entirely filled by any country enjoying the minimum rates." "Given a fair opportunity," says Mr. Armour, "there is no reason why we should not be able to sell Germany a large proportion of the cattle she imports annually. But, better still, from an economic American standpoint, we should, with a fair adjustment of our tariff relations, be able to sell her immense quantities of pickled and canned meats. Her people would be glad to get them—if given a chance."

"The time has come," in Mr. Coster's view, "when it is difficult to compete with the French, Germans, and Austrians for electrical apparatus to be used in their own countries." The lower labor-cost in these countries, he thinks, would not overbalance the advantage of our workmen's superior skill, but for "the discrimination of the foreign tariff, which . . . has been so adjusted as to gradually encroach on our trade in many countries, in some instances practically bringing our exclusion." The leather industry, asserts Mr. Healy, "has never demanded that the people of the United States be taxed for its benefit, but itself has been, and is now, taxed for the benefit of other and more favored industries." Mr. Mershon finally declares that, "as a manufacturer, as an employer of labor, and as one who has been in the lumber business all his life and is now engaged in it, as an owner of forests and timber lands and saw mills, I cannot see wherein the Government is not making a great mistake in maintaining this tariff upon rough lumber, taxing our home industries for their raw material, and offering a premium for the destruction of our present forest area."

We have thought it worth while thus to outline the arguments of spokesmen for these leading industries, because this is the sort of appeal which by sheer iteration may in time induce Congress to end its present policy of inaction. In the exciting days when the Dingley law was being framed no industry which made anything like so strong a case for relief as any of these would have been sent away without a special clause drafted for its benefit. But the cry, "Give us a tariff or we perish," is much more appealing to Congress than "Take away the tariff or we perish." Our fiscal system works on a sort of ratchet which enables duties to be raised at the simple turning of a crank, but demands a tremendous amount of effort to let down even a single cog.

According to the protective theory, each person or industry which the tariff law fails to protect is one more argument for at least bringing the law up to date. The grain trade is our largest branch of agricultural industry. Among our manufactures, slaughtering and meat-packing ranks first in net value of product, lumber and timber products fifth, leather eleventh, agricultural implements thirty-sixth, and electrical apparatus and supplies forty-first, out of 354 classified industries. What is to be the answer when these insist that, instead of paternal care, our Government has given them only hampering restrictions?

THE PROPHET AND THE LEADER.

If there were any doubts that Marcelin Albert, so recently acclaimed the redeemer of the French Southland, was really entitled to consider himself entrusted with something of a spiritual mission, his present fate should remove them. It is not merely that Albert is now in prison charged with fomenting public disorder. His brevet as prophet comes primarily from the fact that he has been repudiated by his erstwhile followers and denounced by his own lieutenants as a traitor to the cause he set on foot. Yet his only transgression has been that at a moment of crisis he attempted to call a halt on a movement that had already outrun his personal control. "The best informed among my authorities call him a simpleton," writes the Vicomte de Voguë from Montpellier. Others more cruel call him a madman. Simple or mad Marcelin Albert must have been, to imagine that a popular uprising can be gauged up to a previously designated mark, and brought suddenly to a stop. Dr. Ferroul, his practical-minded aide-de-camp, knows men better, of course, and from his cell urges the Southerners to go on demanding concessions they had no thought of at the beginning. When Albert and Ferroul regain their freedom, obscurity most probably will fall to the former, while there is no telling what bounteous aspects may beam on the other's eyes.

Numerous critics, writing on the present situation in Russia, have fallen into the habit of ascribing what they consider the failure of the revolutionary movement to the absence of competent leadership. Putting aside the objection that this is merely indulging in a species of wisdom after the fact, which would discern splendid capacities for leadership among the Slavs if they had succeeded instead of failing, we may point out a certain important difference between the leader and the prophet. The one manipulates forces that he finds ready to his hand; the other's task is to bring non-existing forces into being. Now, Russia is as yet unprepared for the leader's work, and is still the proper field only for the prophet. Many millions of peasants must be aroused, millions of workmen must be educated more thoroughly than they have been; a clearer consciousness of aim must be created among the chaos of nationalities, classes, and creeds before there can be any opportunity for real statesmanship. There must still be long years of secret propaganda, of conspiracy, of education by pamphlet and word of mouth and, possibly, the bomb, before the revolutionary movement is actually in full swing. And many small and obscure prophets will labor and perish or be swept away by the result of their own efforts after the destiny of their tribe.

Before we can look to the appearance of a great leader in Russia, we must be prepared for the appearance and disappearance of many more great personalities than we have had as yet. It is almost essential to the rise of a successful leader that he should have been preceded by many failures, or, as we have just called them, prophets in their own line. Absolutism, constitutional monarchy, moderate republicanism, Jacobinism, terrorism, had all to be tried and found wanting before a Napoleon appeared. And so in the Russia of to-day and to-morrow, there must still be Plehves, Wittes, Stolypins, Milyukoffs, and Gapons before the successful leader learns to hammer his success out of the rough ore of their labors and their failures.

Such a leader will escape disaster because he will have learned the lesson that the prophet never learns—of riding with the tide and never boldly attempting to halt it. In that he shows a deeper knowledge of the nature of popular movements than the seer, poor simple soul that he is. The latter imagines that if you want a crowd to get to X, you set the crowd into motion, and when you get to X you stop. The practical man knows that, once set into motion, the crowd may find the sensation of travel so pleasant that, aided by the law of inertia, it will insist on pressing on beyond X to Y and Z. What victorious nation ever contented itself with exacting as the reward of victory no more than what it set out to fight for? What triumphant political party ever held itself restricted by its pledges? What tre-

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mendously popular statesman has ever held himself bound by his previous record? It is only the unpractical man, the idealist, the prophet, that will cling to a fixed conception of truth and aim. The practical man knows that the goal always recedes before a crowd as it advances, and so he keeps on moving in step with it—and always a little in advance.

That Russia is still unprepared for leadership, in this sense, is apparent from the fate that has overtaken the various political figures we have mentioned, beginning with Gapon, who affords us a tragic parallel to Marcelin Albert. Gapon imagined that he could carry on a democratic labor movement by peaceful means without actually antagonizing the Russian autocracy. Had he been wiser, the massacre of Red Sunday should have undeceived him. He had aimed at a labor movement, and set on foot a revolution, and when he attempted to stem the tide by entering into relations with the Government, he sealed his own fate. Witte took the reform movement in hand and guided it to the stage of constitutional monarchism, but he was in turn swept off his feet by the mad rush towards social revolution. Stolypin imparted to the movement a sharp swerve backwards, but only to be carried much further than he wished towards reactionism. Not until the various conflicting forces in Russia have been brought to act steadily and consciously in their respective direction will the opportunity be at hand for the successful leader.

CHILD SUICIDE.

The causes and the prevention of suicide among the young is the subject of a book just published by Louis Proal of the Paris Bar. Some years ago M. Beule wrote in the *Revue des Deux Mondes:* Suicide, which in particular cases we condemn, pleases us in tragedy and history, precisely because it no longer has a place among our customs." The author of those very words took his own life; and M. Proal shows not only that the crime has become more common in Europe, but that a considerable percentage of those who commit it are children. His work is not a morbid study of an unpleasant subject: it is rather a serious consideration of an evil which, according to statistics, constitutes a menace to French society, with suggestions concerning its prevention and cure. In 1839, out of a total of 2,752 suicides in France, 20 were those of boys and girls under the age of sixteen. From that time until 1869 the number of youthful suicides reported annually remained almost stationary. Since then, however, there has been an increase in the number of adults as well as of children who take their own lives. In 1879, for example, out of 5,114 suicides, 37 were less than sixteen years of age; and in 1902 there were 59 cases of children among 8,716.

These figures, however, do not give all the deaths from this cause; for where children have killed themselves parents and teachers are reluctant to make it known. Moreover, in many cases where children have attempted suicide, no report has been made to the police. France is not alone in noting this increase; for something like it has been observed in parts of Germany, Switzerland, and Spain. Happily, the census shows the evil to be but little prevalent in the United States. But its growth in Europe has been so marked as to present a problem for the psychologist and criminologist. M. Proal observes that nearly all the faults of adults are to be met with also in children. Rousseau, who insisted that children were depraved because of education, had little experience of their ways, for his own offspring were made a public charge. Education has to develop what is good, but it also has to remedy what is evil in the character of the child.

Suicides are more frequent among city than among country children. The latter are less confined, and less overworked at school; nor are they made so familiar with vice and acts of violence as those brought up in the crowded precincts of the larger towns. In general, the causes of suicide are emotional; and among these jealousy has an important place with the child. And this illustrates the evil of favoritism on the part of parents and guardians. Says M. Proal:

> In the sentiment of jealousy there is not only the egoistic desire to possess all the affection of parents, the refusal to share their caresses with the sisters and brothers; there is also an ardent demand for equality. The child wishes to be loved as his brothers and sisters are, because he has the same right to parental affection as they have. . . . All injustice, particularly that which proceeds from parents, puts him into rebellion, exasperates and discourages him.

Other moral causes act in the same disastrous way, such as sudden anger, pride, a luxurious or effeminate education, differences and disputes between parents, excessive intellectual effort, family privations and bereavements. Suicide may be induced by physical causes also, such as ill health or bodily deformity.

In his chapters dealing with the prevention of suicide M. Proal has much to say in criticising the severe treatment of children at home and at school. Continual scolding, reproof about trifling matters, punishment upon slight provocation, he disapproves. Children should never be kept at school during vacations, which may give rise to melancholia or depression of spirits. Of course, the severe pressure of rigorous examinations is to be condemned, and M. Proal says that in China, for example, during the tests for the civil list, the number of suicides increases appreciably. In many instances children are predisposed to take their own lives by neurasthenia, hysteria, or epilepsy. These, however, are only predispositions; they are "occasional," not "efficient," causes, and may be counteracted by general hygiene or medical treatment. A defect of the will often indicates a defect of health. Disgust with life is almost always the effect of a sickly temperament. Attention to diet and sleep, fortifying the nervous system in various ways, may free the child from this dangerous tendency. It is, moreover, important that the young should be supplied with optimistic literature, and that they should, if possible, be led to believe in immortality, which may give them pause when they reflect upon self-inflicted death. While all the great pessimists have taught what should lead logically to suicide, they themselves, in most instances have felt the joy of living. It is their disciples who desire death.

M. Proal differs from Dr. Magnan in holding that suicide with the child is always impulsive, never deliberate; and in this he seems justified both physiologically and clinically. Any feeling which can overcome the instinct of self-preservation must be very intense; and when the unformed mind is swayed by grief, pride, or pain, there is lacking that experience and mature deliberation which in the adult might inhibit suicidal action. Hence, since suicide is possible at all, it is not strange that the child should commit it, but it is strange that he should commit it so rarely. While a tendency to take one's own life may not imply insanity or degeneration, it shows that the mind has lost its equilibrium, and that the proper remedy is to be found in wholesome training. In these days, when the gospel of envy and discontent is preached in so many quarters, M. Proal insists that the virtues of resignation and endurance should be forced by precept and example. "Le révolté devient facilement un désespéré." And if society takes so much pains to protect the young against external evils, it should do all in its power to protect them against themselves.

THE PERILS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

A few days ago amateur photography had a martyr in the young man who was seized by a cramp and drowned while swimming in some rapids under the eye of the camera. In this case it was the subject who underwent the danger; usually it is the photographer. In its infancy amateur photography was regarded as rather a mild pastime, not

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exactly effeminate, but dilettante. The photographer puttering about his dark-room or holding the little cap while he counted seconds was anything but an exemplar of the robust virtues. This is changed. The progress of invention which has made Arctic exploration relatively easy has added immensely to the dangers to be faced by the photographer.

In a recent book on the routine of journalism there is a somewhat pathetic account of the difficulties of the photographer, whether employed by a newspaper or not, who essays to record the news, so to speak, on his dry-plates. The reporter, in all conscience, has a hard enough time on occasions, but at least he need not blazon to the world that he is a reporter. The "special artist on the spot" in the civil-war period could make sketches on his cuff. But the photographer may not put trust in disguises or excuses. His apparatus cannot be mistaken for anything else under heaven. Everybody knows he is taking pictures, and if any one resents it, the camera is one of the most vulnerable points of attack. One ray of sunshine, and the work is spoiled. The rôle of a busybody is bad enough, but to be a busybody with fifty pounds of cumbersome apparatus along so that one cannot even run away, is far worse.

Of course, the adventurous photographer has some peculiar triumphs. "You will notice, ladies and gentlemen," says the announcer in the vaudeville theatre, "that the moving picture is interrupted just after the fire reached the second story of the dynamite factory. The reason is that at this point the building exploded, burying the photographer under ten feet of masonry. Fortunately, however, his film-holders were uninjured." The audience can only get a faint reflex of the pride that must have filled the daring youth as, beneath the burning deck, he shielded his biograph apparatus.

But it is not only in the haunts of men that the photographer is called on to do and dare. It is the humane custom of our day to go to the woods unarmed; but the wild fauna do not subscribe to our disarmament proposals. Not only has the outdoor photographer of wild life, like Emerson,

> named all the birds without a gun,

but, like Spartacus, he has learned to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl—and press the button as the lion springs.

William T. Hornaday of the Zoölogical Park, though himself an adventurous naturalist, reproves in one of his books the foolhardiness of a colleague who secured some marvellous pictures of Rocky Mountain goats and sheep by pursuing them to crags or promontories reached by no other paths than those up which they had come, and then, while the creatures were making up their minds whether or not to butt the photographer down the precipice and to eternity, taking their likenesses and retreating. Really, the custom which has become common of having a second photographer at hand to photograph the feats of the first photographer commends itself. Here is a photographer coming down in a parachute in order to record in passing the secret evolutions of a new airship. Perhaps he will succeed, perhaps not; but, at any rate, the snapshot of his headlong descent made by his friend on the ground will be vastly acceptable to the widow and the orphan.

It must always be true that chance has a large part in producing the sensational successes of popular photography. We know of a case in which an amateur had "snapped" a fleet of fishing schooners, or some such craft, and on developing the plate discovered that at the very instant of his exposure a man had fallen from the masthead of one of the vessels and was represented in mid-air. Similarly, an English magazine published, a year or two ago, what was declared to be an authentic photograph of a man having his leg bitten off by a shark. He had fallen overboard in the tropics and the shark seized him just as a fiend on deck had jokingly photographed his predicament. These were pictures which, short of methods like those of the Greek sculptor who flayed his slaves in order to study their agonies, all the forethought and care in the world would not have secured.

On the other hand, the deliberate taking of chances does not necessarily bring good results. Every one has seen photographs of battle, murder, and sudden death which are mere hodge-podge, unintelligible unless marked with Maltese crosses at the important spots, and full of suggestion only because one has already been told that they were taken under perilous or harrowing conditions. Events perversely refuse to adapt themselves to the photographer's art. The actors in historic scenes do no credit to the stage manager. Squadrons, in their excitement, lose their alignment just as they pass the reviewing stand. Harassed committees and marshals give away so many tickets that great ceremonials are crowded and screened. Hence it is that all the photographer's activity and pretensions need not make the historical painter fear for his livelihood. His barons never get in the way of a clear view of King John at Runnymede; nor has he to erase any of the Roman populace with gray pigment in order to reveal whether it is a crown or a dish of lampreys which Mark Antony is offering to Cæsar.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON DEFOE.

II.

Although Defoe's name had figured in Cibber's "Lives" and in booksellers' catalogues, and although collectors like Bishop Percy and Isaac Reed had taken an interest in him, it was not until 1790, so far as I can discover, that the first fairly important list of his writings was printed. This was appended by George Chalmers to the revised "Life," which he prefixed to Stockdale's attractive edition of "Robinson Crusoe." The results of Chalmers's labors seem very meagre to-day, but no one can examine his memoranda and his correspondence as I have done, thanks to Mr. Aitken, without feeling that he deserves to be praised as a faithful pioneer in a difficult and ungrateful task. His list of ninety-nine genuine and dubious items was not superseded until 1830, when Walter Wilson, the friend of Charles Lamb, published his "Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel Defoe," to the first volume of which was prefixed a list of writings containing two hundred and ten items. Wilson had profited much from Stace's catalogue of the extensive collection of Defoe's works offered for sale in 1829, and there is abundant evidence that he included items which he had either never seen or only slightly examined; nevertheless, both as a bibliographer and as a biographer, he made a great advance upon Chalmers. Ten years later William Hazlitt the younger issued, in the first volume of his frustrated edition of Defoe's works, a list of genuine and doubtful writings, which was marked by more acumen than Wilson had shown, and was more important than the revision of Chalmers's list, published the next year in volume xx. of the well-known "Oxford Edition." Then in 1858, in the third part of Bohn's revision of Lowndes's "Bibliographer's Manual," Defoe was credited with a large number of genuine and spurious works, the latter being extraordinarily numerous; and eleven years later Lee's "Catalogue" superseded all previous attempts to explore what it is scarcely an exaggeration to term this bibliographical chaos.

In his introduction, Lee gave some statistics with regard to his labors. He rejected "more than sixty" items from Bohn's Lowndes, thirty (including duplicate entries) from Wilson, and twelve from Hazlitt, retaining, however, seven titles which the last-named had not accepted as genuine. He added sixty-four new titles, several of them being those of journals with which Defoe was connected. How far Lee used the collections of Defoe's works to be found outside of London and Oxford is not clear, but his letters to Crossley (owned by Mr. Aitken) and the catalogue of his library show that he had examined a considerable proportion of the tracts and volumes which have been attributed to Defoe by collectors and dealers within the past century and a quarter. Doubtless many of the omissions I propose to enumerate were due to the fact that Lee had never seen or else never carefully examined the pamphlets in question; but not a few were due in all probability to his unwillingness to accept any work the authorship of which would set Defoe in a bad light. I have had access to collections and to bibliographical information, printed and written, which Lee

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could not have utilized, and there has been much new light thrown upon Defoe's character by his correspondence. Hence it is not surprising that I feel justified in saying that Lee's bibliographical work is far more in need of being supplemented than it is of being corrected. It is surprising, however, in view of the pleasant relations apparently existing between Lee and Crossley, that the latter, some time before his death in 1883, should have been able to draw up a list of sixty-one items which, in his opinion, had been unwarrantably omitted from Lee's "Catalogue." In *Notes and Queries*, shortly after the publication of Lee's list, Crossley stated that more than fifty genuine works remained to be added, but he did not enumerate them. These omissions cited by Crossley will be treated together after I have noted what seem to be errors in Lee's rejections from the ascriptions made by previous bibliographers.

Of the items rejected by Lee from Wilson's list—thirty by his count, but thirty-two by mine—three were without titles, having been inserted by Wilson on the basis of vague statements by Defoe. Of the remaining twenty-nine, I have been unable to see six in any form, and of a seventh I have found only a fragment. Of the twenty-two left I am quite definitely prepared to argue for the acceptance of two. One is "What if the Swedes should come," etc. (1717), about which Wilson was very doubtful, but which Crossley and the catalogues of the Advocates' Library and of Yale assign to Defoe. In my judgment the internal evidence for the ascription is completely convincing. Internal evidence is equally strong for "The Christianity of the High Church Considered" (1704), which Lee categorically assigns to White Kennet. The British Museum Catalogue gives the tract to Defoe, I can find no authority for the ascription to Kennet, and I think that the way Defoe's opponent Leslie refers to it, and other circumstances, support the strong internal evidences of its genuineness. I suspect that Lee's rejection was largely determined by his desire to save Defoe's consistency, the tract having been dedicated to Lord Haversham, with whom our pamphleteer shortly afterwards had a quarrel; but I should like more information with regard to the specific ascription to Kennet. A third item assigned by Wilson and others to Defoe, but discarded by Lee, "A Letter from a Member of the House of Commons to His Friend in the Country, relating to the Bill of Commerce, etc." (1713), has not a few of Defoe's characteristics, and is most probably from his pen, but I do not at present think the evidence strong or abundant enough to warrant a very positive ascription.

The relations of Lee's list with that of Hazlitt need occupy us only a moment. By my count Lee rejected fourteen instead of twelve of Hazlitt's items, and retained eight instead of seven of the tracts which the latter regarded as spurious. At present I am inclined to think that so far as concerns these twenty-two tracts Lee erred only in rejecting "The Christianity of the High Church Considered," which Hazlitt had accepted, and in accepting "A True State of the Difference Between Sir George Rooke, Kt., and William Colepeper, Esq.," which Hazlitt had rejected.

The "more than sixty" items which Lee said he omitted from Bohn's Lowndes amount to precisely seventy, if I count correctly, but I admit that the chances of making errors in dealing with such a hodgepodge of entries are far from small. Possibly Lee did not count items Bohn showed to be by other authors.

Ten of the seventy I have not seen, or else at this juncture cannot pass upon competently. Of the remaining sixty rejections, I find occasion to question only four, three of which have been already mentioned here. The fourth is "Some Further Observations on the Treaty of Navigation and Commerce" (1713), which Hazlitt printed in his edition (vol. iii.), although he had not included it in his list of Defoe's writings. On the whole, I am inclined to feel, that although this little pamphlet takes a view of the French and English trade inconsistent with Defoe's more or less official utterances, and that hence Hazlitt, who believed in Defoe's consistency, should not have accepted it, nevertheless it is probably, though far from certainly, from our pamphleteer's pen.

We may now turn from Lee's relations with his chief bibliographical predecessors to consider (a) the discrepancies between his list and that furnished by the Catalogue of the British Museum, and (b) the additions suggested by Mr. Crossley. The small discrepancies revealed by a comparison of his list with the entries in the catalogues of the other libraries I have examined will be best considered in connection with my own list of suggested omissions, which will close this series of communications.

It would not, of course, be fair to hold Lee responsible for all the differences between his Catalogue of 1869 and the columns upon columns of printed and written items which last summer gave me a clue to the books and pamphlets of Defoe to be found in the great library of the Museum. It is convenient, however, to note here that there seem to be about thirty-seven positive and doubtful ascriptions to Defoe in the immense catalogue that are not to be found in Lee's list. Perhaps two or three of these, entered by hand, are intended only as tracts that deal with Defoe, a point on which my notes do not enlighten me. Of this large list some are plain errors, *e. g.*, the queried ascription to Defoe of Gay's poem "Wine," and the categorical ascription of Josiah Woodward's "Account of the Societies for the Reformation of Manners"; others are rejected by nearly every competent student of Defoe, others are doubtful, and a few certainly genuine. The genuine items, besides a tract on the South Sea scheme to be mentioned later, are in my judgment:

(1.) "Moderation Maintain'd" (1704), a pamphlet in praise of a sermon by Kennet—shown to be Defoe's not only by its substance and style, but by the initials D. F., which no one else at that juncture, not long after the pillorying, would have been likely to append to the preface of such a performance.

(2.) "The Ballance: or, a New Test of the High-Fliers of all Sides, etc." (1705), attributed by an old hand to Defoe, and almost certainly his, since it contains characteristic references to other works of his, as well as an autobiographical statement that fits a passage in his life.

(3.) "The Trade of Britain stated, etc." (1707, misdated 1708), a short tract, which I found to be merely a reprint of two numbers of the *Review*.

Whether another short pamphlet, "Observations on the Fifth Article of the Treaty of Union" (1706), which is also ascribed to Defoe in the Catalogues of the Rylands Library and the Advocates' Library, is correctly attributed, is a question hard to answer. I suspect that it is; but a tract full of figures and details, and so brief that a writer's peculiarities have little chance to emerge, is one about which any bibliographer is liable to err, unless he has strong external evidence. There are fully half a dozen such trifles entered as Defoe's in various catalogues, over the genuineness or the spuriousness of which it seems almost idle to argue; and while it will be desirable to enter them later in a full bibliography, I shall say nothing about them here.

The sixty-one tracts assigned to Defoe by Crossley over and above the ascriptions made by Lee are enumerated in a manuscript list now owned by George A. Aitken. This number is much smaller than that of the items advertised as Defoe's on the authority of Crossley in a catalogue of second-hand books issued by Pearson & Co., in 1885. This catalogue contained, however, so many plain errors—for example, it quoted a note from Crossley which, if the date given were exact, must have been written a little while after his death—that I was forced to regard the manuscript list, despite the fact that that was not dated, as representing the great collector's final contribution to the bibliography of the man to whom he devoted so much time and thought.* On examining the British Museum's priced catalogue of the sale of Crossley's library (June, 1885) I was convinced that in the main the items in the Pearson Catalogue came from twenty-two bound volumes of tracts bought by the firm, and that those volumes contained many pieces the genuineness of which Crossley would never have claimed. Still, the Pearson Catalogue is valuable to any student of Defoe, and I owe to it the first suggestion of one or two pamphlets which I think should be ascribed to him.

One of Crossley's items, "Due Preparations for the Plague" (1722), was, as I have already stated, accepted by Lee also, and is unmistakably Defoe's. Another, "What if the Swedes should come?" has been mentioned as one of Lee's unjustifiable omissions from Wilson's list. Of the remaining fifty-nine items I have examined fifty-two certainly and possibly fifty-three—if, as I think, one entry duplicates another. The six or seven items I have not seen will be enumerated later in a list of desiderata; I will now briefly report on the tracts examined.

Two seem to have been definitely claimed by bibliographers for other authors, to wit: "An Account of the Obligations the States of Holland have to Great Britain, etc." (1711), and "The Causes of the Discontents in Relation to the Plague, etc." (1721), the first of which is generally assign-

* Another example of a flagrant error may be given: "A Faithful Register of the late Rebellion" (1718) is assigned in the catalogue to Defoe, but I find written in the Columbia University copy "An interesting account, though not, I think, Defoe's," with the signature "James Crossley." It is not likely that this was Crossley's copy, but *Notes and Queries* makes it certain that the entry represents his opinion.

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ed to Robert Ferguson, the second to Bishop Edmund Gibson. Careful analysis does not impel me to champion Crossley's ascriptions to Defoe; but it should be said in justice to Crossley that, on the surface, both tracts seem in style and substance the product of the most prolific pen of that generation. That even Crossley should have been deceived should be a warning to others; but the fact that the style of the two tracts does not answer all the tests for Defoe is on the contrary encouraging to the bibliographer who relies upon such tests.

Taking the remaining tracts in chronological order we have

(1.) "Reflections on the Prohibition Act, etc." (1708), which is a very plausible ascription.

(2.) "The Re-Representation; or, a Modest Search after the Great Plunderers of the Nation, etc." (1711), most probably Defoe's.

(3.) "An Essay upon the Trade to Africa, etc." (1711), very probably Defoe's, and upon a subject that frequently occupied his pen.

(4.) "The True State of the Case between the Government and the Creditors of the Navy, etc., As it relates to the South Sea Trade, etc." (1711), most probably Defoe's, and not impossibly duplicated in another entry in Crossley's list, which reads "The True State of the Case as relates to the South Sea Trade" (1711), a tract I have failed to find, though I have searched some very large collections.

(5.) "A Farther Search into the Conduct of the Allies and the late Ministry, etc." (1712—attributed to Swift by Roscoe), very probably Defoe's.

(6.) "A Defence of the Allies and the late Ministry, etc." (1712), almost certainly Defoe's.

(7.) "The History of the Jacobite Clubs, etc." (1712), a by no means unlikely but, for certain reasons, a doubtful ascription.

(8.) "Peace or Poverty, etc." (1712), a most probable ascription, also to be found in the Yale Catalogue.

(9.) "Proposals for Employing the Poor, etc." (1713), plainly Defoe's.

(10.) "A Brief Account of the Present State of the African Trade" (1713), most probably Defoe's, and attributed to him with a query in the Yale Catalogue.

(11.) "A Letter to the Guardian about Dunkirk" (1713), a not unlikely attribution, but too brief a tract for positive ascription.

(12.) "Nott [ingh] am Politics Examined, etc." (1713), not improbably Defoe's.

(13.) "A Letter to Mr. Steele, Occasion'd by his Letter to a Member of Parliament, concerning the Bill for preventing the Growth of Schism" (1714) is not positively identified as Defoe's by Mr. Aitken, who lent me his copy, but I thoroughly agree with Crossley's ascription.

(14.) "A Letter to the Whigs, Expostulating with them upon Their Present Conduct, etc." (1714) is certainly Defoe's, and is stated to be by him in a contemporary hand on Crossley's copy and also on the Yale copy; why Lee rejected it is incomprehensible to me.

(15.) "A Brief Survey of the Legal Liberties of the Dissenters, etc." (1714) is plainly Defoe's, and he probably edited "A Collection of all the Papers that have been Given to the Lords and Commons, In Relation to the Bill to Prevent Schism" (1714), which quotes from it.

(16.) "The Case of the Catalans Consider'd" (1714) is so good a tract that I rather hope Defoe wrote it, but the internal evidence does not seem strong enough for a very positive ascription.

(17.) "The Second-Sighted Highlander, etc." (1715), an attribution supported by Col. Grant and by the Yale Catalogue, is specially interesting to me, not only because I made it independently, but because if it is accepted, we must ascribe to Defoe a series of skits, suggested by Swift's joke on Partridge. This series began in 1711 with "The British Visions: or Isaac Bickerstaff's Twelve Prophecies for the Year 1711," and was continued to include this tract of 1715. My own ascription of the series was due to the prominence Defoe gave it in the *Review*, and I found afterwards that this had caused Mr. Aitken also to suspect that he had a hand in it. I have examined only the tracts for 1711, 1712, and 1715, and they all certainly bear out Crossley's attribution of the single one he seems to have known.

(18.) "Burnet and Bradbury, or the Confederacy of the Press and the Pulpit, etc." (1715) is also tentatively ascribed to Defoe in the Yale Catalogue, and I think is unquestionably by him, although Crossley states that in his copy there was a note attributing it and "A Friendly Epistle to . . . Thos. Bradbury" (No. 165 of Lee's list) to H. Watkins, student of Christ Church. The pamphlet purports to be by a novice, but there are few items in Defoe's bibliography of the genuineness of which one can afford to be more certain.

(19.) "Some Methods to Supply the Defects of the late Peace, &c." (1715) is one of the tracts attributed to Defoe by Boyer, and is also given to him in the Yale Catalogue. In my judgment, it is plainly his. It answers exceptionally well the stylistic tests, and has been steadily attributed to Defoe ever since it was written.

(20.) "Memoirs of Some Transactions during the late Ministry of Robert E. of Oxford" (1717) is the same as "An Account of the Conduct of Robert Earl of Oxford" (1715), which Boyer assigned to Defoe, and it seems surely his. It is among the attributions by Col. Grant.

(21.) "Some Considerations on the Danger of the Church from her own Clergy" (1715) is very plainly Defoe's, and a tract in which he hits at the frustrated treaty of commerce with France, an attitude which, it will be remembered, was one of Crossley's chief reasons for rejecting the tract on the Triennal Bill claimed by Defoe!

(22.) "An Humble Address to our Sovereign Lord the People" (1715) is much in Defoe's manner, but, as the point of view is more or less that of a High Churchman, ascription should be somewhat tentative.

(23.) "The Fears of the Pretender Turn'd into the Fears of Debauchery, etc." (1715) is plainly Defoe's.

(24.) "Strike While the Iron's Hot, etc." (1715) seems certainly Defoe's.

(25.) "Memoirs of the Conduct of her late Majesty, etc." (1715) is clearly Defoe's—cf. my remarks on "The Secret History of the White Staff."

(26.) "The Secret History of State Intrigues, etc." (1715) is the same as "The Secret History of the Scepter, etc.," and can scarcely be by any other author than Defoe.

(27.) "The Conduct of Some People about Pleading Guilty, etc." (1716) seems certainly Defoe's.

(28.) "A True Account of the Proceedings at Perth . . . Written by a Rebel" (1716) has been attributed to the Master of Sinclair, but has been shown by Lord Mahon not to be his—cf. "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht, etc.," Appletion, 1849, I. 135 *note*. Crossley's ascription to Defoe seems to me much more than plausible, perhaps entirely convincing, and, if we give the tract to him, it strengthens the presumption that he wrote the histories of Charles XII. and Peter the Great.

(29.) "The Danger and Consequences of Disobliging the Clergy Consider'd, etc." (1716-17) is most probably Defoe's.

(30.) "The Danger of Court Differences etc." (1717) is plainly Defoe's.

(31.) "A Letter to Andrew Snape," etc. (1717)—as this contribution to the Bangorian Controversy purports to be by the author of the "Declaration of Truth" to Hoadly, which is No. 182 of Lee's list, it must have been omitted by the latter only because he did not know of it.

(32.) "Secret Memoirs of a Treasonable Conference at S . . . House, etc." (1717) is most probably Defoe's and is one of the tracts attributed to him by Boyer, whose sagacity in such matters I have come to admire.

(33.) "The Question Fairly Stated Whether Now is not the Time to do Justice to the Friends of the Government, etc." (1717) is plainly Defoe's.

(34.) "Reasons for a Royal Visitation, etc." (1717) is unmistakably Defoe's.

(35.) "Fair Payment no Spunge, etc." (1717) was attributed to Defoe at the time it was written, as we learn from another tract which I believe Defoe wrote, and it bears every mark of genuineness.

(36.) "A Brief Comment upon His Majesty's Speech, etc." (1718) is very probably Defoe's.

(37.) "The History of the Reign of King George, etc." (1719) is indisputably Defoe's and is specially interesting because in it he maintains firmly, long after the extent of his exaggeration was ascertained, the truth of his extraordinary and well-known account of the blowing up of the island of St. Vincent (cf. p. 229). In this connection, and in view of the great eruption of Mont Pelée in May, 1902, it seems worth while to call attention here to the article by Alfred F. Robbins in *Notes and Queries* for June 14, 1902, which pointed out the previously ignored fact that another London newspaper besides *Mist's*, viz., *Applebee's*, contained an account of the eruption of 1718. Mr. Robbins did not discuss the possibility, to my mind considerable, that Defoe was largely, though not entirely, responsible for the journalistic "dressing up" of both descriptions of the catastrophe.

(38.) "An Historical Account of the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Walter Raleigh, etc." (1719) is the most important item in Crossley's list. When I began to read it, I could not but believe that the great collector had been egregiously deceived, since the author of the pamphlet claimed, with reference to his hero, to "have the Honour to be related to his Blood." As I read on, however, the style seemed more and more to bear out the ascription, and on the last page I found a statement which tallied so completely with one made by Defoe in a letter to Harley that all my doubts vanished. Later, in other writings of Defoe, I discovered, accidentally additional and strong confirmation of the ascription, and I am clear that a better case can be made out for its genuineness than can be made for at least three-fourths of the pamphlets and books that are unhesitatingly accepted as Defoe's. It seems worth while to add that the tract was written to supplement one by the subsequently famous Shakesperean, Lewis Theobald.

(39.) "A Brief State of the Question between the Printed and Painted Callicoes, and the Woollen and Silk Manufacture, etc." (1719) is, it seems to me, certainly Defoe's and contains a short passage which makes me query whether, when he was writing it, he was not gathering the information he afterwards used in one of the greatest of his books, "A Journal of the Plague Year."

(40.) "The Just Complaint of the Poor Weavers Truly Represented, etc." (1719) is certainly Defoe's.

(41.) "The Trade to India Critically and Calmly Considered" (1720) is certainly by the author of No. 39, and that author was Defoe and nobody else.

(42.) "The Interest of Great Britain Consider'd; or, The Herring Fishery Propos'd, etc." (1723) contains many things that justify Crossley's ascription, but others that render me unwilling to accept it without a reservation.

(43.) "The Tryal and Sufferings of Mr. Isaac Martin, etc." (1723) is a tract which purports to have been written by the man who underwent the tortures of the Inquisition that form its subject. Some features, especially the dialogues, suggest very strongly the supposition that he may have employed Defoe to tell his story for him, but I fail to find anything that warrants a very positive opinion on the subject.

(44.) "Some farther Account of the Original Disputes in Ireland, about Farthings and Halfpence, etc." (1724) is interesting, if only for the fact that it seems to be the sole tract that gives Wood's side in the controversy that occasioned Swift's famous letters. I am inclined to agree with Crossley in ascribing it to Defoe, but it should be noted that Mr. Henry R. Wagner in his bibliography entitled "Irish Economics" (1907, privately printed) thinks that the printing was done in Ireland, which would somewhat militate against Defoe's authorship.

(45.) "The Life of Jonathan Wild, etc. By H. D., Late Clerk to Justice R—." (1725)

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is a tract regarding the authorship of which I find myself between two fires. I am by no means sure that Crossley is right in his attribution, yet I am less inclined to take sides against him than Mr. Aitken appears to be. I am more inclined to agree with Mr. Aitken in rejecting the next of Crossley's items,—

(46.) "Unparallel'd Cruelty: or, the Tryal of Captain Jeane of Bristol, etc." (1726)—a loathsome tract which Defoe can well spare from his voluminous works.

(47.) "A Brief Case of the Distillers, and of the Distilling Trade in England, etc." (1726) is also a tract Defoe could well spare, but much as I should like to reject it, I feel that it must be laid at his door.

(48.) "The Evident Advantages to Great Britain and Its Allies from the Approaching War, etc." (1727) is explicitly stated to be by the author of "The Evident Approach of a War, etc." (1727), which is No. 239 of Lee's list. There seems to be no reason for disputing either ascription.

(49.) "A Brief Deduction of the Original, Progress, and Immense Greatness of the British Woollen Manufacture, etc." (1727) is indisputably Defoe's.

(50.) "Some Objections Humbly Offered to the Consideration of the Hon. House of Commons, Relating to the Present Intended Relief of Prisoners" (1729) seems to be Defoe's, and so does

(51.) "The Perjur'd Free Mason, etc." (1730), although the latter is not an item on the genuineness of which a prudent bibliographer would lay a large stake.

(52.) "A Brief State of the Inland or Home Trade, etc." (1730) is, on the other hand, a pamphlet on the genuineness of which any reader of Defoe's "Plan of the English Commerce" ought to be willing to lay as large a stake as is ever warranted by internal evidence alone.

To sum up, of the sixty-one items in Crossley's list, one is now accepted by all, one—"What if the Swedes Should Come?"—is quite generally accepted, two seem to be mistaken ascriptions, and of the fifty-two (or fifty-three) others that I have examined I find only nine about which I have any real doubt. Of these nine, I suspect that over half are by Defoe, and of the forty-three (or forty-four, if there is a duplication of titles) remaining, I am inclined to hold that at least twenty-eight should be accepted as readily as almost any entry in Lee's list, and that the fifteen left are so marked by Defoe's characteristics that doubt with regard to them almost partakes of over-scrupulousness. Certainly Crossley, who was of much assistance to Lee, deserves to be remembered as the greatest of all authorities on what is perhaps the most tangled subject in English bibliography.

W. P. TRENT.

Correspondence.

VOYAGES OF THE NORTHMEN AND OF SEBASTIAN CABOT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every student knows full well that there is no finality about history. Such a subject, for instance, as the early history of North America gives us a very wide field, in which every industrious gleaner may still gather a few grains—some new facts that will help to solve the problems of our early annals. When the Original Narratives of Early American History were published, especially the one on "The Northmen, Columbus, and Cabot," I looked forward to obtaining new light on this very interesting subject. I must confess that I have been sadly disappointed. I take, for instance, the discovery of America by the Northmen. We all know that mixed up with fantastic fable in the Saga of Eric the Red is real history; we have only to study the map of the North Atlantic to see for ourselves how this wonderful discovery of America came about, five centuries before Columbus. Once these adventurers had found and colonized Iceland, the first north-easter would throw their frail craft on to the shores of Greenland; and then the further discovery of Labrador and Newfoundland was sure to follow. All this is very clear, and very simple. The remains of buildings in Greenland and the contemporary records place the whole subject beyond all doubt.

The vexed and unsolved question is the extent of their voyages in north-east America. We must always bear in mind that these daring explorers made their wonderful voyages in small, open boats, using their one lug sail only with a fair wind. Their expeditions were made in the summer, when the weather is often calm. With their oars twenty to thirty miles would be a good day's work. American historians seem to forget these evident limitations, and describe the voyages of these daring old pirates like trips in modern steamers. On their most southern voyage to Vineland, where they found the grapes, they had an encounter with the *Skrellings* or savages, in skin boats—undoubtedly Eskimos; no other aboriginal inhabitants but this race use skin boats; all the other Indian tribes had birch-bark canoes. The editor of the Original Narratives of Early American History declares, on the authority of John Fiske, that these savages in skin boats were not Eskimos, but American Indians. He strengthens this view, as he supposes, by declaring that the Northmen did not come in contact with Eskimos in Greenland. If we remember that these savages are coast tribes, who live by fishing and sealing, and are constantly moving about in their boats, the idea that the Northmen in Greenland had never met them, is absurd, and absolutely opposed to the records. Ari, the great authority on early Norse history, which the editor quotes, speaking of the Greenland colonies, says:

> They found there men's habitations, both east and west in the land, both broken cayaks [skin boats] and stone smithery, whereby it may be seen that the same kind of folk [Eskimos] had been there as *they which inhabit Vinland*, and whom the men of Greenland [the Northmen] called *Skrellings*, or dwarfs.

Any one can see at once that the encounter with the Eskimos in Vinland puts a definite limit to the Northmen's explorations. All American students of history are well aware that the Eskimos never went beyond Newfoundland. There is not a trace of their existence anywhere farther south. Nova Scotia and all the maritime provinces were then occupied by Micmacs and other branches of the great Algonquin family. In the map of the Icelander Stephanius (1570) Newfoundland is marked as Vinland. The northern part of the west coast of the island may well be described as flat in contrast to Labrador, "Helluland" (or stone land). The description of the sandy beach, with the fine salmon river, exactly fits in with St. George's Bay, on the west coast of Newfoundland.

I give no opinion, but every one must see that the encounter with the Eskimos puts a stop to the wild theories about the Northmen's voyages to Cape Cod and Boston. American history on this subject is an amusing comedy of errors. I can remember all the literature about the Norse baptismal chapel found at Newport, R. I.; how the learned Rafyn of Copenhagen rose to the seductive fly thrown on the waters by the fantastic Americans. Oh, tell it not in Gath! Publish it not in the streets of Ascalon! The baptismal chapel on which so much learning and eloquence was expended turned out to be an old stone mill erected by a former Governor of the Province. Then we have another absurdity: Leif's statue in Boston, erected by Professor Horsford to commemorate the great Northman's visit to the Hub!

We turn to another subject, the voyage of John Cabot in 1497. Here again our expectations of new light are sadly disappointed. Between the claims of John and Sebastian Cabot, the editor gives no definite opinion. It is time, at any rate, that this question should be settled. Unless all the contemporary records are absolutely false, Sebastian Cabot was no more in North America than in the moon. The letters written by the Italian and the Spanish Ambassador at the time tell us who went with John Cabot on his voyage—"a Burgundian and 16 English sailors." These also sailed with him on his second voyage in 1498. The second grant recited "the land found by the said John." The records of the Drapers Company, London, 1521, deny that Sebastian was ever in North America, and Martyr, Sebastian's most enthusiastic admirer, has to admit that the Spaniards absolutely denied his claim to be the discoverer of North America. Harisse has shown that Sebastian was one of the greatest liars of his age, a double-distilled Italian liar, and that every statement he made about his father and the voyages is proved to be wholly false.

It is at last time that this most absurd error, which is still to be found in almost every English and American history about Sebastian Cabot as the discoverer of North America, should be eliminated from text-books.

D. W. PROWSE.

St. John, Newfoundland, July 2.

Notes.

To the New Universal Library E. P. Dutton & Co. add "The True Travels and Adventures of Capt. John Smith," and "Rejected Addresses," by Horace and James Smith.

The second part of the Tebtunis Papyri, edited by B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt, with the assistance of Prof. E. J. Goodspeed, will be published by Henry Frowde next month. The most important new fragment is that of the lost Greek original of Dictys Cretensis.

The Baker & Taylor Company makes the following announcements for the autumn: "The Autobiography of Oliver Otis Howard"; "History of Architecture," vol. ii., by Russell Sturgis; "The Appreciation of Literature," by George E. Woodberry; "The Appreciation of the Drama," by Charles H. Caffin; "Building a Home," by Henry W. Desmond; "Browning's Italy,"

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by Helen A. Clarke, and "The Story of Joseph," illustrated in color by G. A. Williams.

Duffield & Co. have become proprietors of the late Richard Hovey's books, "Along the Trail," "The Birth of Galahad," "The Marriage of Guenevere," "The Quest of Merlin," and "Taliesin." They announce for early publication a posthumous volume, "The Holy Grail and Other Fragments," with introduction and notes by Mrs. Hovey, and preface by Bliss Carman. This volume will contain Mr. Hovey's outline of the written and projected nine volumes that were to make up the Launcelot and Guenevere series. Other posthumous work of his is also in hand.

Later prizes announced by the Académie Française are as follows: Prix Gobert (9,000 fr.), to De Lanzac de Laborie for "Paris sous Napoléon"; Prix Thiers (3,000 fr.), to Éd. Roth for "Histoire de la représentation diplomatique de la France auprès des Cantons suisses, 1430-1526," and to three others; Prix Archon Despérouses (for verse), to Mme. Hélène Picard and to four others; and the Prix Coppée to Alfred Droin for "La Jonque victorieuse."

The preliminary circular for the fifteenth International Congress of Orientalists, which is to meet in Copenhagen in August, 1908, has just been issued. A large committee has been formed of professors and prominent citizens of Copenhagen, including the Mayor, who, with Professor Vilh. Thomson as president, will have the preparations in charge. Membership is open to all Orientalists and to representatives of learned societies at a subscription of 18 kronen ($5) to be forwarded to the treasurer, L. Glückstadt, Holmens Kanal 12, Copenhagen; cards for the wives or daughters of members, 9 kronen ($2.50). The congress will be divided into seven main sections as follows: (1.) Linguistics, Indo-European Languages; (2) Languages and Archæology of Aryan Lands, subdivided into (a) India and (b) Iran; (3) Languages and Archæology of the Extreme Orient, subdivided into (a) China and Japan, (b) Indo-China and Malay; (4) Semitic Languages and Archæology, subdivided into (a) Aramaic, Hebrew, Phœnician, Ethiopic, etc., (b) Assyrian, (c) Languages and Archæology of the Islamic world; (5) Egyptian and African Languages; (6) Greece and the Orient; (7) Ethnography and Folk-Lore of the Orient. The progress of Oriental studies is reflected in the steady extension of the field covered by the congress. The creation of such sections as the last two is a sign that modern scholarship is alive to the larger problems that are apt to be swamped in the concentration on restricted fields. A special section for the Historical Study of Religions, which was included in some of the former congresses of Orientalists, has now been abandoned, because the increasing interest in this subject has led to the institution of separate congresses, likewise of an international character, to cover this subject in all of its divisions. The first of these was held in Paris in 1900; since then another has been held in Basel, and the third will take place in Oxford in September, 1908.

Among the forthcoming publications of Constable & Co. is a translation of Erman's "Handbook of Egyptian Religion," by Miss A. S. Griffith, sister of the well-known Egyptologist, Prof. F. D. Griffith. It is an account of the development of the ancient religion of Egypt from the first dawn of the history of the country to its overthrow by Christianity during the Roman occupation. It has explanations of many of the objects commonly found in collections, as well as of many that are unusual, and renderings of religious texts of special interest. The new volume is richly illustrated, and has a preface by Mr. Griffith. It also includes the original preface by Professor Erman, which he has slightly modified for the English version.

In response to a letter received from the United States commissioner of education suggesting that the American Library Association should coöperate with his department in the preparation of the next report of the Government on public libraries in the United States, the Council of the A. L. A. has voted that the matter be referred to the League of Library Commissions. It adds the recommendation that they report to the Council a plan for the preparation by the Bureau of Education of uniform library statistics, indicating items of first importance and a method of cooperation by which the library commissions in States where they exist may be utilized to furnish late figures. Through the cooperation thus planned and the use of a uniform code of statistics, it is expected that the next report of the Government in this field will have greater scientific value as a basis for sociological study.

In the *Daheim*, of Leipzig, No. 31, Prof. Paul Samossa discusses at considerable length the reason of the anti-foreign crusade that is making itself felt with increasing power in the academic circles of Germany. During the past semestre, out of 45,136 students enrolled in the universities, no fewer than 4,151, or 8.6 per cent., were foreigners; and of the 12,000 that constituted the student body in the Technological Institutes no less than 2,701, or 22.5 per cent., were foreigners. The Russians especially are crowding out the German students. Russia admits only a certain percentage of Jews to her higher educational institutions, and as a consequence those who cannot gain admittance go to Germany. The anti-foreign propaganda began in the Technological Institute, and has now spread to the universities, the chief reasons being the fact that particularly in the laboratories they crowd out the Germans, and that they make use of the knowledge and skill acquired at German schools to the detriment of German trade. Various methods have been suggested to counteract the evil. Several institutions have raised the tuition for foreign students; others have decided that foreigners can be enrolled only after the Germans have had the first chance during the first weeks of a new term. These means have, however, not proved effective, and at a recent convention of the university rectors the first was strongly condemned as unwise. Professor Samossa does not excuse entirely the German universities in this matter, asserting that several of the universities have made the doctorate examination so easy for foreigners that in some countries, notably America and Holland, the German doctor of philosophy is not highly respected. He believes that the German Government will be compelled to take some radical steps in this matter.

John R. Spears, the well-known naval writer, is the author of "A Short History of the American Navy," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Since it has appeared under the auspices of the new Navy League of the United States, it is obviously intended to be used for propaganda purposes. Interestingly and compactly written, it cannot, however, claim consideration as a serious historical study. One example of the loose style of the navy boomer which marks it will suffice. Speaking of the growth of the movement for a modern fleet in the early eighties, Mr. Spears says, that the agitation was continued "until the nation saw that the condition of affairs then existing was not only humiliating and destructive of the moral fibre of the people, but it steadily invited aggressions and actual war." A more reckless and unfounded statement it would be hard to find; every intelligent student of our history from 1865 to 1898 knows this. Yet this is but a keynote of the whole book.

Prof. J. M. Hart's "Development of Standard English Speech in Outline" (Henry Holt & Co.) is substantially an abridged Middle English phonology, with consideration, however, of the main sound changes in Old and Modern English. We confess ourselves not in sympathy with the object of this work. Such a book could, of course, only be intended for graduate students in our universities. But we are convinced that it is a mistake to give such students the idea that the task confronting them is simpler than it is. All the probabilities are that a student who has spent a good deal of time in mastering a treatise like this will be quite content with what he has learned from it, and will feel about Sievers, Ten Brink, and the other standard authorities very much as Chaucer's easy-going monk did about St. Augustine's injunctions to hard work: "Lat Austyn have his swynk to hym reserved." It is characteristic of Professor Hart's point of view that he declares himself in his preface as "more than puzzled by the air of confidence with which the German school blocks out mediæval England in squares like a checkerboard, and assigns each bit of writing, from Layamon's Brut to the 'Alliterative Poems,' to its particular square." Now, the variety of Middle English dialects is a most annoying fact, but surely the Germans have already sins enough to bear, without being made responsible for this. In conclusion, we need hardly say that the information given in this little book is sound, and it is only on the question of aim that we take issue with its author.

Two well-known studies in Roman history have recently appeared in new editions. W. T. Arnold's "Roman System of Provincial Administration," which originally came into being in 1879 as "the Arnold Prize Essay" of that year, has been revised from the author's notes by Dr. E. S. Shuckburgh and published by B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. The editor has occasionally rewritten a paragraph or inserted new material, and has added fresh citations of authorities, but the work is still in the main Arnold's. It would be easy to suggest further improvement. The corpus of Latin inscriptions should be used more freely. References to such works as Marquardt's

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"Römische Staatsverwaltung" should be made to the last edition. More attention should be given to the correction of misleading or inaccurate statements. The class of provincials, for instance, spoken of on p. 210 as "wretched," was, in fact, exceptionally fortunate. It is greatly to be regretted that the death of the editor while the volume was in press has not only left the revision unfinished, but more especially has deprived classical scholarship of an able, conscientious exponent. With the substantial merits of the first edition students of Roman history are well acquainted; and they will find the present volume even more serviceable. In its field it has no rival in English. Far less important is the new edition of S. Baring-Gould's "Tragedy of the Cæsars," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The judicious reader will be disposed to find fault with the extreme partisanship shown in the treatment of the various emperors. To prove Tiberius a great ruler and an admirable man, it is unnecessary to disparage every one opposed to him. The minute diagnosis of Nero's alleged insanity, adopted by the author from a certain Dr. Wiedemeister, will find little credit among those who have followed the inconsistent testimony of alienists in recent criminal trials. As the title of the book indicates, the chief interest is in the personal character of the Cæsars. The study of their portraits is a real contribution to history. Even if the reader cannot trustingly accompany the author through the details of iconographic analysis, at all events he will find the interpretation suggestive and stimulating.

Prof. Adolf Harnack, the brilliant critic of the Berlin theological faculty, is surprising friend and foe by his recent conservative results in his investigation of of the book of the Acts. His late work, "Lukas der Arzt," was a decided advocacy of the traditions which made the third gospel and the Acts the products of the same author; he has now supplemented these researches by a special investigation of the "Zeitangaben der Apostelgeschichte des Lukas," which he submitted to the Philosophico-Historical Section of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, and which is published in the Transactions. It is substantially a defence of the unity and historical credibility of the book from a new point of view, namely, the chronological, particularly by bringing the chronological data of Acts into connection with the recognized facts of secular history. He asserts that the contents of Acts are historical; and thinks also that the so-called "We Sections" of the book belong to its kernel, and cannot be separated on the ground of being the product of a foreign author. Harnack's rejection of the Tübingen critical views is regarded in conservatively inclined periodicals as evidence that the high tide of negative criticism of the New Testament has been reached, and that the waters are now receding.

Adolphe Lejeune-Choquet's "Histoire militaire du Congo" (Paris: Berger-Levrault) will disappoint those who take it for a connected military account of the Congo. It is rather a record of the various explorations, expeditions, combats, etc., that have taken place, with such historical, geographical, and political chapters as may serve to round out the subject. It will also disappoint those who may consult it in search of arguments against the King of the Belgians. But the book is nevertheless of interest and value within its limits. There are many illustrations, besides sketches of the numerous military operations. Although the Congo has been "colonized" since 1876, we note that but 1,493 Europeans are reported in 1905, as compared with 25,000,000 negroes, the area of the country being nearly a million and a half of square kilometers.

The language question in Norway has been at least temporarily settled by a law passed during the present session of the Storthing. After the lapse of a certain number of years every young man who desires to enter the university must by a written thesis prove that he is able to handle in writing not only the usual literary language (Dano-Norwegian), but also that language which, under the name of landsmaal; represents the literary common denominator of the several country dialects. Under these circumstances the Danish-Norwegian Dictionary (*i. e.*, a dictionary giving the Norwegian equivalents of the Danish words of the regular literary language) now being issued by S. Schjött is extremely timely. It will also prove of interest to foreign students who wish to get an insight into this allegedly artificial language, which is, nevertheless, embraced with the greatest love and enthusiasm by its adherents and can show a literature steadily growing in value and quantity. Schjött's dictionary will appear in about eighteen parts of sixty-four pages each; three parts have so far been issued.

Henrik Jæger's "Illustrated History of Norwegian Literature" (Illustreret Norsk Literaturhistorie), in three volumes, valuable though it be in many respects, carries the subject down only to the year 1890, and its references to the younger generation of authors, who had already made their appearance by that time, are extremely meagre and unsympathetic. This gap has now been filled by Carl Nærup's "Illustreret Norsk Litteraturhistorie, 1890-1904" (Det Norsk Aktieforlag, Christiania), a volume in large 8vo of 264 pages, giving sympathetic accounts of the lives and works of the whole younger generation of Norwegian writers. Although none of these writers may ever attain the fame of the two great Dioscuri of Norwegian literature, Ibsen and Björnson, there are several of them who well merit a closer acquaintance, and nobody could wish for a better guide than Nærup's volume. The book is profusely illustrated, and of special interest in this respect are the renderings of Vigeland's characteristic portrait busts of Ibsen, Garborg, Hamsun, and Obstfelder.

The first part of vol. vii. of Worthington C. Ford's edition of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Washington: Government Printing Office) covers the period from January 1 to May 21, 1777. The details of military affairs still form, naturally, the larger part of the record. The custody and exchange of prisoners, the treatment of deserters, and of the persons, apparently no inconsiderable number, who harbored them, and the defence of the western frontier, were frequently before Congress for consideration; while the vain hope of getting possession of Nova Scotia had not yet been dissipated. Elaborate reports on the establishment of army hospitals and the impressment of wagons and carriages were presented. A plan for the organization of a Board of War was submitted April 8; a few days later the national arsenal was located at Springfield, Mass. The hostility of Congress to Gen. Schuyler, in large part due to the machinations of Gates, is shown in resolutions of March 15, in which some expressions used by Schuyler in a letter of February 4 are sharply condemned as, "to say the least, ill-advised and highly indecent." Schuyler apologized, and on May 8 was restored to favor. The presence of French and German volunteers in the army was causing trouble, and on February 18 Washington was directed to dismiss such "French gentlemen" as he deemed unfit; while on March 13 it was voted to instruct the American representatives abroad to discourage the coming of persons who could not speak English. Repeated efforts were made to induce the acceptance of the Continental bills at a parity with specie, to provide for their redemption and the payment of the debt, and to check the issue of paper money by the States. In the field of foreign affairs the most important steps were the appointment of Franklin and Arthur Lee as American representatives at the court of Spain, and the transformation of the old Committee of Secret Correspondence into the Committee of Foreign Affairs, with Thomas Paine as secretary. Mr. Ford's notes are, as usual, informing; the restorations of passages from the manuscript journals, however, are somewhat less numerous than in previous volumes.

Prof. Kuno Fischer, historian of the newer philosophy at Heidelberg, died last Thursday. He was born at Sandewalde in Silesia in July, 1824; studied philosophy, philology, and theology in Leipzig and Halle, and with the publication of a thesis in the Platonic style entitled "Diotima, die Idee des Schönen," he qualified for the privilege of lecturing on philosophy at Heidelberg. But the academic career which had opened so auspiciously came to an untimely end with an order issued by the Bavarian ministry prohibiting him from public teaching. After various changes, he was, in 1872, recalled to the university which had disowned him, and there passed the remainder of his life. He became, indeed, one of the most prominent figures in the old university town which resounds with anecdotes of his life in and out of the classroom. He was as much a local institution as Heidelberg Castle itself, and his loss will deprive the university of its most brilliant teacher.

His principal work, the "History of Modern Philosophy," exhibits the quality of clear thinking and the ability to follow out a theory in all its ramifications. These traits rendered him an admirable controversialist, and one of his most noteworthy achievements was his argument with Trendelenburg on the philosophy of Kant. Like some others, Fischer for many years had laid special stress upon the teachings of Kant, and had held that the critical philosophy could not be neglected without serious detriment. In 1862 he published a treatise on

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the two schools of Kantian philosophy at Jena. His "Logik und Metaphysik" (1852), published at Heidelberg in 1865, is a systematic treatment of philosophical problems which in contents and method belongs to the school of Hegel. In addition to his more formal treatment of metaphysical themes, Fischer was deeply interested in the philosophical aspects of German literature. His studies of Schiller, entitled respectively, "Die Selbstbekenntnisse Schillers" (1858), "Schiller als Philosoph" (1858), and "Schiller als Komiker" (1868), have since been collected under the title "Schiller-Schriften" (1891). His treatment of Lessing and Goethe is equally noteworthy. Of the latter poet, he made a profound study, incorporating his impressions in several volumes now collected under the title "Goethe-Schriften," comprising studies upon the inception and composition of "Faust," "Iphigenie," and "Tasso."

Dr. Elseus Sophus Bugge, professor of languages at the University of Christiania, who died on Monday, was the best-known philologist of Norway. He was born at Laurvig, Norway, in 1833. After studying at the University of Christiania he proceeded to Copenhagen and Berlin. So early as 1854, he began to write on the old folk poetry of the Norseland, and in 1858 he printed a scholarly translation of a collection of Norwegian Folk-Songs, with commentary. In 1866, he was appointed to the newly created chair of comparative philology in the University of Christiania. His first edition of the songs of the Edda, published in 1867, still ranks as one of the best critical editions, if not the best, which have appeared. One of his best-known works is the studies into the origin of the heroic and mythological sagas of Norway (1882), which was particularly well received in Germany. In 1891, Professor Bugge began the publication of a complete set of the Norwegian monumental runic inscriptions. He was elected in 1881 a corresponding member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres of Paris. His death is looked upon in Norway as a national loss, and the Storthing has voted a State funeral.

RECENT VERSE.

One of the most satisfactory books of closet drama of the extreme type that we have lately seen is G. Lowes Dickinson's "From King to King" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), written some sixteen years ago, and now republished to profit by Mr. Dickinson's success in another field of letters. There is in the piece no pretence of dramatic structure; yet the effect of the whole is highly—in the closet sense—dramatic. In a series of Landorian imaginary conversations, some in verse, some in prose, beginning with "Eliot and Hampden in the Tower," and concluding with "Vane on the Scaffold," we have a vivid presentment of the pregnant cross-purposes, the conflicting idealisms, which divided the manhood of England in the days of the great civil war. Mr. Dickinson's thesis, if an imaginative clue to a whole historic period may be so called, is finely put in four lines from a speech of Cromwell's:

But while we wear our flesh, there's contradiction,
Action and counteraction; 'tis the law.
Makes life itself another name for battle,
And labels peace death.

Many of the dialogues which compose the piece contain a stirring clash of personalities, revived with convincing sensitiveness. This sensitiveness, as well as Mr. Dickinson's capacity in versification, is seen to advantage in the concluding speech of Milton in a colloquy with his former tutor, Young:

O thou,
Who once, from Heaven descending, didst illume
With hallowed altar-fire and tongues of flame
Thy chosen saints of Pentecost; on me
Though later born, to utt'rance less divine,
Such grace bestow as, kindling all within,
May prompt prophetic song, not all unfit
To celebrate thy people's praise and thine!
. . . . . .
Purge and prove
Thy people's heart! give them a single purpose!
That so their acts, wedded to prayer and praise,
May blend harmonious concord, apt to charm
Even angelic ears in Paradise;
Where round the burning throne eternally,
Seraph to seraph, saint to saint responsive,
With silver trump and harping symphonies,
Peal in a choir immortal hallelujahs.
To such attune, though weak, my mortal voice,
That, while this island-nation, born anew,
A golden eagle, beats her dauntless wings,
Undazzled, full, against the blaze of noon,
I, with not too presumptuous aim, may sing
Her praises right, nor, honoring her, forget
To celebrate, as due, Thee, sole Supreme,
Thee first, Thee last, and Thee eternally!

The leisurely and catholic reader can but regret that Mr. Dickinson has, apparently, forsworn verse, and given himself over to the cultivation of imaginary conversations in prose.

A rather similar piece of dramatized history, though with a more compact and conventional structure, is "Sir Walter Raleigh," by H. A. A. Cruso (T. Fisher Unwin). Mr. Cruso has read the literature of his subject diligently and recaptured something of the temper of "the spacious days." Poetically considered, the performance is a little languid, yet it can be read without undue effort.

"The Coming of Philibert," by Sara King Wiley (The Macmillan Co.), is an interesting bit of dramatic blank verse which just misses distinction. The fable, though a little reminiscent of Calderon's "Vida es Sueño," is sufficiently novel and happy. A wise king, being the father of twin princes, endeavors to avoid future dissension by having one prince educated at court as his successor, while the other is reared in an Arcadian solitude by a woodland philosopher, in ignorance of his royal claims. Brought back to court by his reigning brother, the forest-bred prince, with his naïve veracities, acts as a kind of touchstone whereby the intrigues of the courtiers and the ineptitudes of their monarch are seen for what they are. After a variety of adventures, sentimental and martial (the piece is dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt), the ruling brother politely gets himself out of the way by suicide, and we behold his rustic twin firmly seated upon the throne of Artacia, and in the way to become a benign and masterful monarch. The play is intelligently put together, though we do not feel that the writer has exhausted all the dramatic possibilities of a rather unusually suggestive *donnée*. The versification is correct, but not notable.

The likeness that we ventured to point out some time since between the dramatic temper of Cale Young Rice and that of the dramatists of the Elizabethan decadence is seen yet more clearly in his latest volume, "A Night in Avignon" (McClure, Phillips & Co.). This brief poem which, by the expedient of arbitrarily breaking the iambic pentameter into trimeters and dimeters, is made to fill a volume of thirty-two pages, presents a night in the life of Petrarch, in which, Laura being cold, he turns to a lighter love, only to be visited by the Signora de Sade, in a mood platonically melting, and to be by her disowned for his meditated infidelity. The situation is conceived with an admirable intensity, but it is worked out with such agitation of mood and manner that it fails to be pleasing or even convincing. It is a cause for regret that a poet of such gifts of imagination and phrase as Mr. Rice should persistently destroy the possibility of pleasure in reading his work by failing to put the slightest artistic curb upon his mood, by persistently overleaping all bounds of artistic decorum. In the present instance the excesses of temper are aggravated by haggard and melodramatic punctuation. The following, in which the dots are Mr. Rice's, is a not unfair specimen of the utterances that he puts upon the suave lips of the father of humanism:

There in the cloister have you peace—in prayer?
In visions—penances? . . .
Swear that you have! swear to me! once! . . .
but once!
And I . . . ! . . .
No, never! . . . never!
(He wipes his brow)

A lover of Petrarch turns with relief from this to Miss Agnes Tobin's "On the Death of Madonna Laura" (Heinemann). Miss Tobin has rendered into English Petrarch's entire second cycle, and, as a whole, has done it admirably well. In fidelity to the original, as well as in evenness and sincerity of tone, Miss Tobin has not been surpassed save in a few sonnets Englished by master hands. A good sample of her work is the fifteenth sonnet of her cycle:

You have discoloured, Death, the loveliest face
That ever was, and quenched the loveliest eyes;
Forcing the locks and breaking all the ties
Of a keen soul in a most lovely case.
An instant all my good doth blast: O base!
On those soft lips your heavy finger lies,
That spoke so sweet, and you endure my cries.
I wander blind with tears from place to place.
'Tis true my lady comes to help me then
When Love and Pity lead her by the hand:
No other succour holdeth life for me.
And if her speech, and if her gesture grand
I could impart, I would transform, not men,
But tigers, bears, and monsters of the sea.

Yet good as this is, in its grave tenderness of tone, its characteristic Petrarchian *morbidezza*, it is in certain details a striking illustration of the proverb, *traduttore traditore*. How weak, for example, is Miss Tobin's fifth line compared with its original, which depends, like the lines before it, from *Morte* as a subject,

In un momento ogni mio ben m'hai tolto;

and how pale is "transform" in the penultimate verse as a rendering of *accenderei d'amore*. These, however, are but evidences of the difficulties that stand in the way of perfect translation. They are not to be considered as serious blemishes in Miss Tobin's work unless it be that the first instance, which is rather characteristic, indicates a lack of full perception of the importance of close syntactical concatenation in sonnet structure.

The "Selection from the Verses of John

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B. Tabb," made by Alice Meynell (London: Burns & Oates), is a fairly satisfactory exhibition of the quality of that keenly individual poet. With a curiously insinuating, personifying imagination that winds itself into odd crannies of nature and human life, Father Tabb combines a gift of quaint and pregnant poetic expression. He has something of the concettists' way of playing with recondite images and the radical meanings of words, and something, too, of their alchemical power of refining out the dross of a poetic idea and giving us only its molten gold perfectly fused in melody of twelve short lines. Add to this that Father Tabb has in a high degree the modern imaginative scientific sense of the far-reaching inter-relations of life, though it takes from his temperament a weird and shadowy hue, and we see the source of the haunting suggestiveness of his tiny lyrics. Like the pin-pricks which the experimental psychologists employ to determine the sensitiveness of the nervous system, his verses are a singularly efficient test of poetic sensibility. His pieces all contain such riches in a little room, and are all so tempting to quote, that we shall here present three of them:

THE PLAYMATES.

Who are thy playmates, boy?
"My favorite is Joy,
Who brings with him his sister, Peace, to stay
The livelong day.
I love them both; but he
Is most to me."

And where thy playmates now,
O man of sober brow?
"Alas! dear Joy, the merriest, is dead.
But I have wed
Peace; and our babe, a boy
New-born, is Joy."

OUTLINES.

O frame me in thy love, as I
The landscape in the branches low;
That none beneath the bending sky
Our sylvan secret know.

For 'tis of Life the mystery
That wheresoe'er its fibres run,
In time or in eternity,
The many shape the one.

O'ERSPENT.

My soul is as a fainting noonday star,
And thou, the absent night;
Haste, that thy healing shadow from afar
May touch me into light.

We have before us twenty-one thin volumes of verse published by Mr. Badger. The diligent perusal of them fails to reveal any traces even of mediocre poetic talent, save in the case of the thinnest of them all. The handful of brief lyrics in "Cobwebs," by Gertrude Rogers, are a pale distillation of old poetic symbols. Yet in the iterative melody of her "Horns of Elfland" and "shattered strings" there is, as in this lyric, a certain wan, appealing charm:

The flames of the autumnal fires
Are dying fast,
Leaving but embers of desires
Whose warmth is past.
November by the ashes stands
Silent and pale;
Trying to warm her chilly hands
By fires that fail.

A somewhat ampler quality is discoverable in a more ambitious collection entitled "When Yesterday was Young," by Mildred I. McNeal-Sweeney (Robert Grier Cooke), though the book as a whole is perhaps less effective. Mrs. Sweeney's verse in both conception and phrase is the product more of fancy than of imagination, and a book the size of this can scarcely be energized save by the latter. Mrs. Sweeney's persistent experiments with broken line stanzas are seldom very successful, though occasionally, as in "The Wind," she hits a pretty tune, and one capable of giving pleasure, if we refrain from too closely scrutinizing the phrasing:

O'er beds of purple thyme
It blows
And inly glows
With faint and fragrant rhyme.
The rose
Scent, too, it knows,
From tarrying where they climb
In sweet hedge rows.

It haunts the heart anew
With dreams
Of heathery hills, and gleams
Of gold gorse, glowing through;
And teems
With dusky beams
Of bending ferns that grew
By laughing streams.

Alilt on lustrous wing,
Again
Through dew-lit lane,
It wanders, pleasuring,
And fain
Would tempt the strain
You heaven voiced thrushes sing
In far refrain.

The salt breath of the sea
O'er miles
Of moor, beguiles
The longing memory;
And smiles
Of the sunny spray like the wiles
Of a girl, come happily
From storm-throned isles.

It touches, too, I know,
The worn
Wood path—the corn—
The lilacs bending low
Each morn,
And sets the thorn
About the door aglow
Where I was born.

In the Preface to "Nineveh and Other Poems" (Moffat, Yard & Co.), George Sylvester Viereck protests that his poems must not be judged from the point of view of a Puritanical morality. It is not our intention to introduce any ethical considerations here, yet considering the poems in themselves as works of art, we cannot but regret that a young poet of such remarkable imaginative endowment and technical mastery as Mr. Viereck should have allowed himself to be so exclusively and monotonously occupied with a single theme: he is the celebrant of Ashtoreth, Lilith, Pasiphaë, Sappho, Cleopatra, Faustina, and Salome—and of "Mr. W. H." and Antinous! His mood is that of Whitman's "Children of Adam," touched with a precocious satiety that vitiates the artistic result. Even Mr. Viereck's sustained energy of phrase and the fine orotund music of his verse hardly avail against this vicious monotony of subject. The subject, however, is fortunately taken not so much from life as from a rather narrow segment of poetic literature. There is good ground for the hope that Mr. Viereck may grow away from these earlier moods and masters, and give us poems in which a nobler meaning inspires his admirable form. In the meantime the source of his earlier impulse, as well as the admirable form, may be perhaps most discreetly revealed in this resounding sonnet "To Swinburne":

Eloquent master, thy melodious rage
Our latter song may not aspire to reach!
Our eyes beheld the magic of thy speech
Conjure the love-queens of a perished age,
Yea, clothe with life their spectral forms, and wage,
When the sight stung thee, war with Heaven for each:
Only the rolling anthem of the beach
Could break the spell and end thy vassalage.

The sea, thy true love, taught thy lyric tongue
The mighty music of her mutiny:
Thy voice as hers the ages shall prolong,
And, praising numbers, men shall ask of thee:
"Is it the sea that thunders in his song,
Or is it his song reverberates in the sea?"

"The Happy Princess and Other Poems," by Arthur Davison Ficke (Small, Maynard & Co.), is the sort of book that always gives the critic pause. The collection is clearly premature, yet along with a good deal of vagueness and ineptitude, there goes so much of melody and imagination, of the poetic sense of life, that one hesitates to apply to it the more rigorous standards of poetic art. There is in the book no single gleaming and memorable piece, yet often, as in this concluding section of an ode "To Fancy in the Later Days," the intention and much of the execution is admirable and memorable:

They have forgot. The fairest things
Pall; and they seek their joys in strife,
Panting for what the morrow brings,
The fleeting morrow of worn life.
The silences of twilight hours,
The voices of each woody spot,
The very beauty of small flowers,
They have forgot.

The sunset burns for them in vain.
To them the sacramental dawn
Is but new lease of trivial pain
Which must be drowned in pressing on
To strange fierce joys. No milder balm
Brings any easing of their lot.
The soft, the beautiful, the calm,
They have forgot.

They pray to God with hope of heaven;
Yet nightly have no heart to see
Orion and the shining Seven
Move through the dusk's infinity.
—What if to them the death-hour brings
Knowledge which life has given not—
That heaven lies in the little things
They have forgot?

Fancy, crowned in heaven of old,
Bring again thy sacred gold
That our days fade not in cold.
Cast thy light upon the flowers
Blooming round the weariest hours,
And in bosoms make thy home
Whence the visions all have gone.
Thou canst build that godlike state
Past the bitter blows of Fate;
Thou canst make the heart stand free
Even from its own agony;
And in the light thy coming brings
The soul looks up, Lo! and has wings!

Mr. Ficke has to learn what to leave out, and to recognize that even in poetic style the happy phrase is that which flies like an arrow to the goal, not that which plays about the mark like a garden-hose, however charming the rainbow tints that sparkle in its spray.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Winged Victory. By Robert Morse Lovett. New York: Duffield & Co.

All the virtue of this story lies in the first of its three parts. Here is an affectionate and reverent study of child-nature, grateful enough in the midst of our sentimental or facetious or condescending manipulations of the child as literary "copy." Three children are concerned. Their father is a sporting gentleman, or gentle-

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man sport, who, in a flush hour, has become possessed of a large country estate not far from Chicago. Fortune's wheel takes its customary turn, and when the story opens the children are living half-cared for upon the half-abandoned place, while the father remains in the city, trying all expedients except that of hard work, to recover his always precarious position of affluence. He is a gambler by nature, and after the action begins the cards turn persistently against him. The oldest child, Linda, is adopted by a rich and worldly Chicago aunt, who offers to take the second girl, Dora, also. But Dora refuses to leave her little brother Peter, and the two remain at the old place under the care of a single retainer. They go to the village school, where the little brother makes almost no progress, in spite of all his sister's efforts. Gradually it dawns upon her that he is not as other children—a discovery which only makes her love more fiercely maternal and self-sacrificing. The fatal accident which snuffs out the little "natural," deprives the sister of her main object in life. With his death the first part of the story ends—a love-tale complete in itself.

The other parts read like tame sequels; Dora herself becomes commonplace and ineffective. Presently we find her in a Western co-educational institution, which it is not hard to identify with the University of Chicago. Two youths, fellow-students, become involved in her fate: a desirable one whom she has always known, and an undesirable one, whom she proceeds to marry. He is one of your flabby poets, all hair and hysterics, whom sensible women marry out of pity. This one commits suicide in the end, when, of course, the better man takes his leavings. Of the minor characters, one Constance Dare has a bad eminence, uniting all that is most disagreeable in the "co-ed" to all that is most crude and facetious and "fresh" in a certain type of Middle Western girl. The most distressing thing is that one is evidently expected to admire her on the whole—Dora does. For her part of the story, as for the poet's, there is little or nothing to be said. But the Dora part, the child-Dora part, is matter for gratitude and for remembrance.

A Woman's War. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Harper & Bros.

Notwithstanding a certain crudeness, in "The Slanderers" Mr. Deeping gave an appreciable promise of power and imagination. In "A Woman's War" the crudeness remains.

Having chosen a painful but live contemporary theme, he proceeds to treat it with a childish superficiality. A small country town boasts two rival doctors. Parker Steel is incompetent, greedy, and dishonest. Betty, his wife, is a real villain; she resembles the wicked Polish countesses of early German fiction. Dr. Murchison, on the other hand, possesses all the virtues, and his wife is even better than he. Unfortunately, he is an hereditary dipsomaniac, and, in spite of constant and heroic struggles, when the story opens, succumbs to temptation almost as often as confronted with anything to drink.

Owing to the virulence of public opinion and the machinations of his enemy, Dr. Steel, Murchison loses his practice, for the mere trifle of a sponge and a forceps sewed up in a patient who thoughtlessly exposes him to the revelations of an autopsy. He is driven to dispensary work in an unhealthy town where his little girl dies. Her death, however, lifts "the curse" from him, and he bravely returns and hangs out his shingle in Roxton.

Parker Steel, meanwhile, . . . but, really, the exact piece of carelessness through which he comes to grief is hardly mentionable outside of the lecture room. It may be asked why any amount of negligence on his part should cancel the scandal of the sponge and forceps. Nevertheless, by the rules of the game, in this kind of novel, the old score is wiped out, and the book closes with a grateful populace pulling Murchison's carriage through the streets of Roxton.

The Flying Cloud. By Morley Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

If the reader can once get over the rhapsodical opening chapters of this very good tale of the sea, he is probably in no danger of abandoning the gallant Flying Cloud till her long voyage from Britain is over, and the Australian shore swims into sight on the last page. It is quite an achievement to spin more than three hundred pages of narrative practically without a plot. A thread of human interest does run through the story in the form of an opium-eating skipper, who is very successfully worked out, but the real hero, heroine, circumstance, and occasion, is the Flying Cloud herself. First she wallows in the Bay of Biscay, then she drifts across the Tropics, then she staggers around the Cape and into port through one of the most magnificently pictured hurricanes in contemporary fiction; and that is all. The personality of the Ship, which Mr. Roberts dwells upon so fondly and insistently, we, too, readily come to feel and acknowledge towards the end of the book.

The Hill of Dreams. By Arthur Machen. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

Continental fiction conducts the warfare of the flesh frankly in the flesh. Many people object to this, but compared to a fashion now gaining vogue in England, the French method seems almost wholesome. In "The Hill of Dreams," Mr. Machen confines his young man's struggle to the field of imagination alone. When Anatole France does this, he stages his picture upon the banks of the Nile, among hysterical early Christians. In modern Paris, the story of Thaïs would be distasteful, possibly because few young Frenchmen (except such museum pieces as Madame Tinayre's Augustin) are worrying to-day about their souls. Then, like Fogazzaro's Benedetto, Augustin was purely religious, and temptation assailed him in the shape of one woman. Not so Lucian Taylor, our present young man. It was "No love of a woman, but the desire of womanhood, the Eros of the Unknown, that makes the heart tremble." Lucian constructs a dream city into which he can retire at will, and witness various spectacles, some highly noble, others — discreetly veiled by the author under a few mystical allusions — of a less edifying nature. Lucian invents a "ritual" for himself, and with the aid of plenty of good sharp thorns well driven into his flesh, he learns to "taste in all its acute savor the joy of physical pain."

There is a great deal about the incredible secrets of Gothic art, about beauty, about "secret practices" and "Barbarians." The barbarian aunt who wished Lucian to get a place in some bank and earn a salary will have the full sympathy of every normal reader.

Although written with noticeable ability, the book in itself has not sufficient strength to deserve attention here, did it not mark a curious morbid phase of English fiction in which sound, color, and scent are put to superfine uses by neurotic young gentlemen who should be shut up, or set at manual labor. When a young writer (of course, Lucian was an abortive poet) feels that "Literature is the sensuous art of causing exquisite impressions by means of words," he had better purge his mind of Pater, De Quincey, and Poe, and of its contempt for Philistia. Like Balzac's painter, Lucian dies leaving his masterpiece a chaos of unmeaning lines, and leaving upon our minds the impression that the redeeming quality of such symbolism run riot must be the small likelihood of its exerting the faintest influence.

His Courtship. By Helen R. Martin. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

This is a short story which made up its mind to grow into a novel, and got spoiled in the process. With material at hand for the creation of a very attractive bit of life in fiction, in the shape of a vividly real Pennsylvania Dutch farmer family, speaking a fascinating jargon, the writer has done what our masters of local color will undoubtedly continue to do for long years to come, and, instead of developing her story from the nature and necessities of her *milieu*, has attempted to run her good virgin material through the antiquated machinery of clap-trap plot and situation. To introduce into the primitive atmosphere of the Morningstar farm the immemorial kidnapped child of very wealthy and refined parents; to bring her into contact with the very paragon of a young and handsome professor of psychology, who runs away from women, and is by them, nevertheless, pursued; to bring the same beautiful lily of the farmyard into contrast with certain wonderfully conceived women of the world, for that sole purpose created—all this is seemingly dictated by the mere necessity of filling space. The technique is at times startlingly jejune. Because the Morningstars say: "Pop, he wrote 'em a postal in, last Saturday's a'ready, tellin' 'em they have the dare to come Wednesday dinners," the town boarders must say by contrast, "Our creature comforts are of such minor importance. Material things absorb most of us too much; don't you think so?—leaving us too little time for the things that are really worth while in life. . . . Remember, dear, the simple life is subjective as well as objective."

The Development of Religion in Japan. By George William Knox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Dr. Knox uses the singular number with correctness. Japan has many religions, yet her religion is one. The ordinary sub-

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ject of the Mikado does not draw lines of demarcation between Shinto, Buddhism, Confucianism, or even Christianity. Shinto is the national memory. It would be hard for a native without great powers of discrimination and critical knowledge of history to tell just in what it consists. It has almost nothing tangible. Until an outside form of faith was imported, the cult had not even a name. Buddhism is the heart of the nation, and has been the greatest unifying influence. Without Buddhism, despite government, it would be difficult to think of the Japanese as a nation, and not a mere conglomerate of tribes. Confucianism furnishes the universal ground of ethics, and in its modern restatement is the creed of a scholarly minority. Christianity, though professed by thousands and felt by a million, cannot in the perspective of history be called one of the religions of Japan. It is beyond cavil, however, that some Shinto sects imbibed features from that Iberian Christianity, publicly known in Japan for one century, and secretly nourished by a few thousands two centuries in seclusion. Hence, though Dr. Knox glances at the future, the substance of his six lectures treats of the three religions—indigenous, Aryan, and Chinese—which form a composite in the mind of the average native. The religion of the Japanese cannot be understood apart from history. It is not to be found by a study of the systems as given in the Sacred Books, for it is at once more and less than they. Hence the enormous advantage possessed by Dr. Knox, who, as a critical student dwelling in Japan during fourteen years, corrected theory by observation.

His two lectures on Shinto show us the Way of the Gods, which arose and developed among the various tribes, Malay, Aryan, and Tartar, possibly even Semitic, as the religion of nature, without formula or other objects in view than the expression of tribal ethics and human emotion. The powers of nature were personified. The first visible embodiment of the gods was probably a row of carved posts, such as we see in the Pacific Islands and Korea. Unquestionably, phallic worship was predominant. Then there grew up a mythology which shaped itself through the struggles of the various tribes, until one, the house of Yamato with its Mikado, became dominant. The stories were now reshaped and colored with a purpose, that is, the support of the Imperial House and power. Thus Shintoism, becoming in its second stage a political engine, took on something of the form of an organization, by which all the tribes and nations were unified under the dogma that the Mikado and his ancestors had come down from heaven and had been given divine authority. After this, genealogies were duly invented, since the foundation theory of the nation was kinship more or less direct with the emperor. This process is transparent on the pages of the Kojiki or Records, composed 712 A. D., and the Nihongi or Chronicles, compiled 720 A. D.

Buddhism, in its first propagation in Japan, not without accompaniments of strife and bloodshed, compelled a still further systematizing of the Way of the Gods, which now received the Chinese name of Shinto, literally theology. Later the Norito, or native liturgies, were rewritten in beautiful literary style. The essence of Shinto, and its one book, is the Kojiki, the so-called "Bible of the Japanese," composed by order, and with the design of correcting false or rival claims to the Mikado's sovereignty. There is no pretence of religious motive, nor of setting forth a moral code; but, following Chinese precedent, Japan must have a cosmology and a national history, and an account of the fashion in which the Imperial house obtained its power. Indeed, one suspects that the many-jointed names of the gods between mud and man are folk etymologies to explain the Ainu place names found by the newcomers on the soil.

It was a dazzling prospect for the Yamato people back in A. D. 552, still many centuries before the white, straight-eyed Aryan-speaking Ainu had been conquered, or even the southwestern Malay and other folk had been pacified, to possess the writing, ethics, and political models of China, and at the same time to have from far, far mystic India the gorgeous images and altar furniture and the sutras, with their world of new ideas. The Mikado's domain was then a mere fragment of land, a little oasis in a vast desert of unsubdued savagery. In less than a hundred years, however, by a palace revolution, the old idea of clan government and the fiction of a bloodtie for all were abandoned. A system of taxation and a strong bureaucracy, with the Mikado shut up like a god, were established. Buddhism was propagated from the court and the throne, bringing in supernaturalism, as opposed to merely natural religion. It was carried in a thoroughly Japanese form to every Ainu hut and frontier village. Whether we call this a chapter of decay, as did the late Professor Whitney, or a true evolution, it strengthens the theory of Okakura that Japan is the epitome of all Asia, the depository of its intellectual forces; and that in Japan is the best treasure-house of Asiatic art and civilization—though Mr. Okakura is weak in his knowledge of the Semitics.

We need not follow Dr. Knox in his chapters on Confucianism, which he discusses first as polity and ethics, and secondly as a world system. The simple tradition of ethics and ritual of North or Communal China having during the centuries absorbed many of the elements of the Hindu faith, and much of the strong individualism of southern China, or Taoism, underwent profound change in the twelfth century. When restated by Chu-Hi it was not only ethics and ritual, but a philosophy and creed. It did not get beyond sea, however, until the seventeenth century, when the Chinese refugees from the incoming Tartar dynasty reached Japan. Then from Yezo it was made official orthodoxy.

Dr. Knox glances at contemporaneous movements. In the glorifying of Bushido, and the works of Okakura and Nitobe, who idealize the past, a Japan is projected on the imagination which never really existed as set forth by these authors. He hints at the efforts of the eclectics to combine with Bushido the noblest truths of our modern science, philosophy, and religion, and at the dreams of those who would find the future of Japan in a return to the worship of the Absolute. He declares that Christianity is a part of the new enlightenment, but it is not for him to believe—knowing the Japanese so well—that they will ever accept that form of Christianity in which the religion of Jesus has been occidentalized beyond all recognition by thinking Orientals. In the possible elements of human interest this book may be lacking, but as a philosophical treatment of a great theme in a spirit at once catholic, critical, and sympathetic, it is a masterpiece.

Emile Zola, Correspondance. I., Lettres de Jeunesse. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier.

This first volume of the correspondence of Émile Zola is made up of letters sent to three of the intimate friends of his young manhood, Baille, Cézanne, and Roux. The letters to the last-named, which were written between 1864 and 1872, comprise less than a tenth of the book. They are essentially business documents, dealing almost exclusively with the production at Marseille of a play by Zola and Roux called "Les Mystères de Marseille," and are so devoid of significance of any sort that there is little excuse for their publication. On the other hand, the letters to Baille and Cézanne, which belong to an earlier period (1859-1862), are of much interest.

True, these letters, aside from a few to Cézanne (with whom Zola seems to have felt less constraint than with Baille), are far from being models of the letter-writing art. Taken as a whole, they are perfunctory, ponderous, and pedantic. They are deficient in vivacity. They possess neither grace, brilliancy or distinction of style nor originality of thought. They abound in superlatively solemn advice, in rather amateurish literary criticism, and in highly formal, not to say stilted, disquisitions on love, marriage, the family, poetry, art, civilization, and religion, which the writer serves up with little or no variation to both his correspondents, and which, by his own admission, he sometimes tries to market as articles in the literary journals. But, with all their commonplace heaviness, they reveal a man so antithetic to the traditional Zola that, for every one who has the slightest curiosity regarding his personality or his art, they are very well worth reading.

In them we find, first, instead of Zola the methodical worker, who blackened a given amount of paper doggedly each day, inspiration or no inspiration, an emotional, vacillating, mercurial Zola, a creature of moods and caprices, subject to spells of discouragement and self-distrust, frequently tearing up in disgust the results of his efforts and sometimes unable to produce at all. Thus we find him saying to Cézanne:

I am prostrated, incapable of writing two words, incapable even of going out for a walk. I think of the future, and I see it so black, so black that I recoil in dismay. No fortune, no trade, nothing but discouragement! No one on whom to lean, no wife, no friend beside me! Everywhere indifference or disdain! This is what greets my eyes when I scan the horizon, this is what renders me so sorrowful. I doubt everything, myself first of all. There are days in which I believe myself without intelligence, in which I ask myself what manner of man I am to have dreamed such proud dreams. I have not finished my studies, I do not even know how to speak good French; I am ignorant of everything. My college education is of no service to me; a little theory, no practice. What to

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do then? My mind is continually balancing, and I am sad from morning till night.

Next, instead of Zola, the novelist, we find Zola, the poet, producer of lyrics and projector of vast epics, an admirer of form, a worshipper of beauty, who brings everything in life and letters to the touchstone of poetic standards. He proclaims the loftiness of the poet's calling in another letter to Cézanne:

Baille, you say to me further, regards art as a sacrament: this is thinking as a poet should. Yes, art is a cult, the cult of the good, of the beautiful, of God himself. Under the verses is the soul, like the visage under the mask. Alexandrine, hemistich, and rhyme are the materials, the tools which every hand may use; but, soaring above these coarse means, is the Idea, fructified by the heart; the Idea, this celestial gift, this imprint of the finger of God. Furthermore, as you add, every one is not admitted to the adoration of the Idol; as for me, I should have perhaps said, of God, for poetry and divinity are synonymous in my sight. After having placed the poet so high, I shall not dare to say to you that I am a poet; but, in all sincerity, I may advance that I am striving to be one, and that I comprehend the sublimity towards which I strain—and this is more than can be said of the herd which sees in a poet only a machine for the production of cesuras and rhymes.

Finally, instead of Zola, the realist, we find an idealistic Zola; indifferent to science; glorifier of virtuous, and even of Platonic, love; "a nursling of illusions"; an admirer of such romanticists as Ary Scheffer, George Sand, Lamartine, de Musset, and Michelet; a dreamer, whose sole ambition is a peaceful retreat remote from the hurly-burly of the world; a lavish dispenser of lofty, unworldly counsel to his friends. The future chief of the realistic school writes to Baille:

You speak to me justly of the ideal and of reality, and you propose to me that we reopen our ancient discussion upon this subject, but with a change of positions, you becoming the idealist and I the realist. Such an idea cannot appeal to me; I wrote in conformity with my views, and, after a thorough self-examination, I find no change in my thought. I should be untrue to myself if I addressed to you at this time the letters you addressed to me formerly. I cannot become a realist in the sense you give this word, since to erect material necessities into law would be to stifle all the noble impulses of my nature. But, as I did not cease to repeat to you, I have often encountered reality; I know it, and, if you desire, I can show it to you, so that I be allowed to speak to you afterwards of the sky and to discover to you a star in every stagnant pool I shall have sounded. What irritated me profoundly before was your persistent unwillingness to comprehend my philosophy. In vain I cried to you: "Reality is sad, reality is hideous; let us veil it then with flowers; let us have no more commerce with it than our miserable humanity demands; let us eat, let us drink, let us satisfy all our brutal appetites, but let the soul have its part; let dreams embellish our hours of leisure."

To read these letters is to comprehend the career of Zola in its entirety. The Zola who appears in them is the poetic, self-deceived altruist of "Les Trois Villes" and "Les Quatre Évangiles," and the Don Quixote of the Dreyfus affair. Toward the end of his life Zola returned to himself. We see the romantic strain of unreality that underlay and distorted his so-called realism. The one thing furthest from his vision always was the simple uncolored apprehension of the truth.

The Historic Thames. By Hilaire Belloc. With colored illustrations by A. R. Quinton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

This is not one, but two distinct books. We have in the first place a series of colored reproductions of scenes and buildings along the Thames River from its headwaters to the Tower, which may be said to hold a respectable place among illustrations of this kind so greedily devoured by the public. As in most books of the sort, the colors are too heavy—the reds too red, the blues too blue—with a somewhat messy effect. But with these deductions the sites with which every one is familiar, by name at least, pass before the eye with all their romantic charm. They offer a lazy man's voyage as well as can be expected.

Besides the pictures there is, secondly, Mr. Belloc's text, of which it must be said that it bears the least possible relation to the illustrations. Glancing at the views of houseboats moored at Oxford, of Hampton Court Palace, Eaton, Sunset at Marlow, Medmenham Abbey, Henley, Bray Village, and the like, one looks to the text for a graphic description of the river seasoned with its historical and literary traditions. Quite the contrary is the fact. These scenes are scarcely mentioned in the narrative. What we have is an interesting monograph on the place of rivers, particularly of the Thames, in the formation of early society, with a rather savage diatribe on the change in English civilization brought about by Henry the Eighth's dissolution of the abbeys, and by the consequent rise of the landed aristocracy. The Thames, in other words, is made the excuse for a shrewd discussion of government and sociology. There is, of course, no harm in thus binding together pictures and text so little related, except that in a smaller volume Mr. Belloc's monograph might be read with greater comfort, and that the pictures would gain in interest for some account of their associations.

The substance of Mr. Belloc's discourse is an arraignment of the popular, protestant, and, as we may say, Teutonizing historians, such as Green and Freeman; and here, we think, his case would have been stronger if he had omitted his constant flings against the omissions and imbecilities of the conventional students of history and economics. His aim is to show how much England has suffered from the break in its continuity of traditions, how much happier and, relatively, how much more prosperous the poorer classes were under the rule of the Church than under the "Venetian oligarchy," as Disraeli called it, or under the present commercial régime. To do this he displays at considerable length, and with no little skill the economic function of the monastic system in the Middle Ages, "to which," he adds unnecessarily, "no sufficient attention has been given by historians." As a part of his argument he gives a picturesque account of the rise of the Cromwell family. Thomas is a "witty scoundrel," and the enormities of Oliver Cromwell (*alias* Williams, as he repeats with rather impertinent frequency) are left to be conjectured by the imagination. In much of his argument he follows what is, on the whole, the trend of the most modern school, which deprecates the violent changes of the Reformation and the Rebellion, and shows the great loss to England's higher civilization caused by a few hot and foolish heads of the seventeenth century. But it is also true that Mr. Belloc carries his partisanship beyond all bounds. Thus, he says, to take his attitude toward the Dissolution:

In a word, the business of Henry might be compared to what may be in future the business of some democratic European government when it lays hands upon the fortunes of the great financial houses, but with this double difference, that the confiscation to which Henry bent himself was a confiscation of capital whose product did not leave the country, and could not be used for anti-national purposes, as also that it was the confiscation of wealth which never acted secretly and which had no interest, as have our chief money lenders, in political corruption.

Every one of these statements might be controverted, and to ignore the corruption of the monastic system in Henry's day is simply not to write history. When Mr. Belloc touches on "moneylenders," he shows all the spiteful venom of a French anti-Dreyfusard. Naturally his book will call down reprobation from certain high quarters, but it can not by any one be denied the qualities of interest and vivacity.

Christianity and the Social Crisis. By Walter Rauschenbusch. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

The radical tinge of the title of this book is not belied by its contents. The thesis of the author is that the ruling purpose of Christianity is social reconstruction, that for various reasons this prime object of the Christian religion has been grievously neglected from the apostolic age to the present, that the Church is now face to face with a grave situation, and that her duty as well as her opportunity is to turn Socialist, abjure the present competitive system, ally herself with the proletariat and against the capitalistic class, and march on in triumph in a new order of the world. Such a manifesto from a professor of church history in a leading theological institution is highly significant. It may be taken to indicate that the leaven of revolutionary social theory is pervading religious circles more generally than has been supposed.

Professor Rauschenbusch writes in the heat of religious zeal and with reforming passion. The "comrades" of socialistic groups will find here the nervous intensity and fire to which they are accustomed. The enthusiasm of the street-corner orator, however, has played havoc with the author's judgment as an historian. The primary conviction on which he has based his argument is that Christianity came into the world as a social movement, and that the real aim of its founder and his immediate successors was the reconstruction of society. The attempt is made to draw a close parallel between the political activities of the Hebrew prophets and the career of Jesus. Yet, if any conclusion is established as the result of critical study of the gospels, it is that the reformation of society was far from the thought of the Galilean teacher, and that anything like a panacea for the ills of the world is in direct violation of his spirit. His message was for the inner life of the individual and he did nothing for society as a whole. That he did not contemplate the abolition of

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poverty is shown by his remark, "The poor ye have always with you," and the equanimity with which he regarded oppression and inequality is witnessed by his counsel, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The socialist interpretation of the New Testament is further from the truth than the traditional and ecclesiastical.

In justice to Professor Rauschenbusch his remarks that "Jesus was no mere social reformer," and that "no comprehension of Jesus is even approximately true which fails to understand that the heart of his heart was religion," should be quoted. As a teacher of history he is well aware that the apocalyptic atmosphere in which the founder of Christianity lived permeated all his thought. But the judgment of the historian gives way completely before the passion of the reformer.

More serious is the evidence of a clouding of moral vision through the influence of socialistic theory. Appeal is made for an alliance of the spirit with the flesh, and failure is predicted unless faith reach out for carnal weapons. Only so can we understand the following declaration, with which the author declares he "started out":

> The ideal of a fraternal organization of society will remain powerless if it is supported by idealists only; it needs the firm support of a solid class whose economic future is staked on the success of that ideal.

It may be remembered that there have been apostles who gloried in other gospels than that of self-interest. It would appear also that faith, having formed a new alliance, must not insist too strenuously on its former gentle methods of spiritual persuasiveness: for we are told that "the Christian idealists must not make the mistake of trying to hold the working class down to the use of moral suasion only, or be repelled when they hear the brute note of selfishness and anger."

Professor Rauschenbusch insists on the wrongfulness of the "wages system," and waxes indignant over the fact that an individual or corporation can hold title to a vein of coal or copper! In the orthodox socialistic manner he "proposes to give to the whole body of workers the ownership of these vast instruments of production and to distribute among them all the entire proceeds of their common labor." He is amazed at the "resistless and elemental power" which Socialism has exhibited, is persuaded that it is the "ultimate and logical outcome of the labor movement," and that the Church, therefore, should ally herself speedily with Socialism as the coming power. From the author's statement, however, it would appear that Socialism is purely an economic movement, which proposes to bring about the brotherhood of man by economic methods. If this be true, what fellowship can it have with the spiritual idealism of the New Testament?

Cromwell. Von Wolfgang Michael, Professor an der Universität Freiburg i. Breisgau. Mit drei Abbildungen. Zwei Bände. Berlin: Ernst Hofman & Co. (Bände 50 u. 51 der Biographien-Sammlung Geisteshelden.)

The German "Heroes" series, which now numbers fifty-three volumes, contains the biographies of forty men of prominence, of whom eight, Carlyle, Darwin, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Stanley, Byron, Adam Smith, and Cromwell, are Englishmen, and the remainder, with a few exceptions, Germans of the last two centuries. No American appears in the list. Of the forty thus far selected for the German hall of fame, but seven are men of action in the sense of warriors and political leaders. The others are "heroes" in the world of thought and culture—poets, scientists, dramatists, philosophers, artists, and musicians. This fact serves to show that, however much militarism has dominated the German system of government and administration, and has planted its Hohenzollern heroes in marble along the Unter den Linden, the German idea of a "hero" is still intellectual and artistic.

Cromwell appeals to the German mind because he resembles, in a more or less fanciful way, the founder of the modern German empire. Like Bismarck, he was a man of heroic stature who performed Titanic deeds. He swept away the old and established a new order; he remodelled armies and won great military victories; he overthrew established kingdoms and founded a new government; he manipulated parliaments, and as a statesman experimented in constitutional forms. Like Bismarck, he was humble before God, deeming men weak and unworthy, and himself but an instrument in the hands of the Most High. Both viewed history as a series of divine manifestations beyond the power of statesmen to control. Cromwell might well have said, as did Bismarck, that the statesman cannot make history, but that "he must wait until he hears the footstep of God sounding through the events of his time, and then springing forward grasp the hem of His garment. That is all." He, like Bismarck, spurned the tricks of the orator. "I cannot," he once said, "work upon your feelings through a play of words and so obscure the facts. The orator coins mere words; my duty is to deal with facts, and the decrees of God demand that of us." He often said that he spoke best when he drew upon the ideas which God had implanted in his soul.

Professor Michael's biography bears many resemblances to that of Professor Firth in the Heroes of the Nations series. It is commonly accurate and scholarly, free from digressions and philosophical disquisitions, and is at all times cautious and impartial. It is rather longer than is Professor Firth's work, and touches more aspects of Cromwell's character. On the whole, it is more readable, because less condensed, and more complete, because presenting a better-proportioned picture of Cromwell's life and activity. It contains a few errors—for example, when Hugh Peters is mentioned as one of the founders of Connecticut—and in general is not very satisfactory in what it says of Puritanism in England and America. It is, furthermore, deficient in all that relates to Cromwell's colonial and commercial policy, for, though it deals successfully with the navigation act of 1651, and has a few paragraphs on Continental trade, it says nothing of the machinery for controlling trade under the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and ignores the greater part of the legislation of the period. On the other hand, it is strong on the military and diplomatic sides, has excellent chapters on the wars with Holland and Spain, and gives rather more space than is usual to the relations with the Northern Crowns. It possesses, too, a critical bibliography of unusual excellence, and has a fairly good index.

The narrative is based very largely on the writings of Gardiner and Firth, but Professor Michael is familiar with a wide range of Cromwellian literature, including the writings of a number of American scholars —Beer, Merriman, Bowman, and Catterall. Strong's articles have, however, escaped him. He has dealt to a small extent with manuscript sources in London and Sweden, and has used, for the first time in this connection, the dispatches of Schlezer, the Brandenburg envoy in London, found in the secret Archives of State in Berlin. Schlezer's letters throw considerable light on Cromwell's later career, 1657—1658, and on Richard Cromwell as Protector. Professor Michael promises to show at some future time wherein these papers add to our knowledge of Cromwell's rejection of the kingly title, and of his sickness and death.

The portrait which forms the frontispiece to the first volume, and that which faces page 128 of the same volume, are new and have never been reproduced before. They are from photographs of two paintings now in the Gripsolm palace, in Stockholm, and in posture, dress, and features, bear a striking resemblance to the well-known portrait by Walker. Indeed, there is reason to think that Walker himself painted the first portrait, which may have been sent by Cromwell as a gift to Queen Christina of Sweden. Regarding the second, nothing definite seems to be known, though tradition says that it was painted by Sir Peter Lely. It is strange that Gardiner, in the collection of likenesses gathered for the Goupil edition of his life of Cromwell, should either have neglected or been ignorant of these paintings.

Cambridge. By M. A. R. Tuker. Illustrated by William Matthison. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Trinity College, Cambridge. By W. W. Rouse Ball. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

St. John's College, Cambridge. By R. F. Scott. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The English universities have been much exploited by publishers of recent years, partly for the benefit of old Oxonians and Cantabs, partly for that of a larger public. Of the three books now under review the first is addressed to the wider circle, the last two aiming more closely at past members of the two greatest Cambridge colleges. It must be said, however, that Mr. Rouse Ball's little book on Trinity contains many anecdotes concerning its worthies that are well worth reading, even for those who are not members of the college, as for instance Porson's subtly expressed criticism of Southey: "Mr. Southey is indeed a wonderful writer; his works will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten." Or this one of his successor in the Mastership, Mansel:

It is said that one of the undergraduates invariably walked across the grass on his

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way to Hall. One day the Master determined to reprove the delinquent, and, opening the window at which he was sitting, he called to the student: Sir, I never look out of my window but I see you walking across the grass plot. My Lord, replied the student, I never walk across the grass plot but I see you looking out of the window.

M. A. R. Tuker's volume contains nearly a hundred colored illustrations, as to the excellence of which tastes will doubtless differ. The text, however, may be commended as an intelligent and careful exposition of the mysteries of an English university, sound, discriminating, and readable. In it the author covers the historic growth of Cambridge, the colleges, the university as a degree-giving body in the past and present, collegiate and social life, famous men, Cambridge in English history, and the women's colleges Newnham and Girton.

From all of these books there may be disengaged something not without value to the American of the present day. At Cambridge, on the other side, time is of the essence of the intellectual contract. It is not a gain but a loss to get, say, Aristotle in six months instead of in six years. You may acquire facts by cramming, you can acquire intellectual maturity only by a process of slow and continuous absorption. The university is concerned primarily with the cultivation of the mind and the advancement of learning; it is incidentally, almost apologetically, that she admits that these processes may lead to the practical result of earning income. The man in a hurry who does not care to digest his intellectual pabulum, but is merely concerned in converting it into practical results, gets, fortunately, little more encouragement in the Cambridge of the present than he did in the Cambridge of the past. Have we any institution left of which this can truly be said?

Science.

Nearest the Pole. A Narrative of the Polar Expedition of the Peary Arctic Club in the S. S. Roosevelt, 1905-1906. By R. E. Peary, U. S. N. With ninety-five photographs by the author, two maps, and a frontispiece in color by Albert Operti. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $4.80 net.

The one abiding impression left by Commander Peary's graphic narrative is his devotion to the work to which he has given the greater part of twenty years. From beginning to end it shows that he was animated by that spirit of the true explorer who, to use his own words on receiving the Hubbard medal of the National Geographic Society, unflinchingly holds that "the thing he has set himself to do is a part of his being, and must be accomplished for the sake of the accomplishment." So when he reaches his farthest point his feeling is not that of exultation at "the mere beating of the record," but of bitter disappointment that he must turn his back upon the goal, to attain which "I had almost literally been straining my life out." He makes his readers feel that the desolate Arctic land is more congenial to him than the congested thoroughfares of civilization. Going on shore one day early in his outward voyage, he says, "as I trod the moss patches beside the murmuring stream whose quieter reaches were crusted with ice, . . . my pulses bounded rapidly and I felt that I had come into my own again." Characteristic, too, of this same spirit, is the way in which the new land discovered in his exploration of the Grant Land coast is regarded. "What I saw before me in all its splendid, sunlit savageness was *mine*, mine by the right of discovery, to be credited to me, and associated with my name, generations after I have ceased to be."

As Commander Peary states in his preface that the preparations for his new expedition had rendered it impossible for him to put his narrative into the shape which he desired, criticism of it from a literary point of view would be out of place. It consists largely of extracts from his diary, and they give vivid pictures of the hardships and dangers of an Arctic explorer's life. Naturally they are characterized by a similarity, and he had no thrilling experiences to relate. But the reader gets a clear idea of the way in which emergencies were met, dangers from ice-pressure guarded against, provisions obtained and exploration carried on. Occasionally there are touches of humor, as for instance: "We crossed the Arctic Circle at two o'clock this morning, and Percy, the steward, asserts that the bump when the ship went over it, woke him up!!" Once when the Roosevelt was fighting her way through the ice-floes, he heard the captain "whisper through teeth clinched from the purely physical tension of the throbbing ship under us: 'Give it to 'em, Teddy, give it to 'em!'" In this connection it is interesting to note the satisfaction which this ship gave. She forced her way through apparently impassable places and came "safely through experiences which I am satisfied no other ship afloat would have survived." In one of her charges a blue floe, twelve to fifteen feet in thickness, was split fairly in two. He was fortunate also in the choice of his companions.

I have never spent a winter in the Arctic regions, so free from petty annoyances and discomforts, both physical and mental. The members of the party were congenial, cheerful, energetic, and interested in the work. The ship's people were interested and willing, and the atmosphere of the ship lacked entirely the element of friction which is so often an extremely disagreeable feature of Arctic winter life.

The most striking result of the expedition was, of course, his getting nearer to the Pole than any other explorer, reaching 87° 6′ north latitude on April 21, 1906. But for the loss of seven fair days in crossing the open water of the tidal crack between the land ice of Lincoln Sea and the central polar pack, he might have conquered the 174 nautical miles which lay between him and his goal. The exhaustion of his food, the death of his dogs, and the panicky condition of his companions, however, rendered further advance impossible. The experiences of this record journey across the ice lead him to the conviction "that man and the Eskimo dog are the only two mechanisms capable of meeting all the various contingencies of serious Arctic work, and that the American route to the Pole and the methods and equipment used remain the most practicable for attaining that object."

The other main results were the discovery of some new land, probably an island, in the northwest, the addition to our knowledge as regards ice and other conditions in the western half of the central Polar Sea, the delineation of a large part of the unknown coast of Grant Land, and the determination of its unique glacial fringe and floeberg nursery. A chapter is devoted to a report to the Peary Arctic Club (of whose history from its foundation, in 1899, a brief account is given) of work done by him in the Arctic in 1898-1902. In another there is a detailed description of the Roosevelt, in which stress is laid on the fallacy of the notion that steel is a suitable material for the construction of an Arctic ship, and on the fact that "the elasticity, toughness, and resiliency of thick wooden sides are essential" in it. Some entertaining sketches and impressions of "my Eskimos," which are on the whole distinctly favorable, are given in the last chapter. His narrative ends with this characteristic answer to the question often asked him: Of what use are Eskimos to the world? "With *their* help, the world shall discover the Pole." The attraction of this sumptuous volume, whose typographical excellence and general make-up reflect great credit on the publishers, is much heightened by the numerous photographs of scenery, human beings, and animals. Among the most noteworthy, after the portraits, are those of a typical dog and "a study in bronze," the face of an Eskimo woman.

A German physician, Dr. Robert Hessen, has recently published the results of his researches concerning the real cause of consumption ("Die wahre Ursache der Schwindsucht"), which he ascribes to the checking of the purifying function of the pores of the skin. In support of this theory he records some interesting facts. Fresh air and out-of-door exercise are important factors in the prevention of this disease. For this reason in England 1,500 persons in a million die of consumption, whereas in Germany there are 2,000, and among the Russian peasants 3,500. The latter pass the winter wrapped in sheepskins near a warm fire, and rarely if ever wash their bodies. Dr. Hessen further says that young women who are employed in stores to show furs and walk to and fro all day in these warm garments, usually suffer from phthisis. This was also the fate of the English comedians who some years ago masked themselves in hides in order to represent animals on the stage. Although these plays were very popular, the mortality of the actors from pulmonary disease soon put a stop to them. Dr. Daniel Diehl, the chief physician of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, states in his books of travels "An Bord und im Sattel" that Patagonians and other tribes who go naked are never consumptive; and the Norwegian zoölogist and Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, in his volume "In Night and Ice," asserts the same of the Eskimos, who always go naked in their huts. Only in western Greenland, where the natives have been converted to Christianity

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and persuaded by the missionaries to wear clothes, does pulmonary disease prevail.

Drama and Music.

"A Question of Honor," by Max Nordau, translated by Mary J. Safford (John W. Luce & Co.), was first published under the title of "Dr. Kohn," in 1898, although no intimation of that fact is given in the present volume. It may be a revised edition—though nothing is said on that point—but in any case, the description on the flyleaf, "a tragedy of the present day," without allusion to the original date, is misleading. Moreover, there is nothing in the printed text, even in the stage directions, to denote the place of action, which, to say the least, indicates strange carelessness in preparation, although the omission will not be of much consequence to the intelligent reader, who will be sufficiently informed by the circumstances of the story. During the last ten years liberal ideas have made some headway even in Prussia, and the social and political condition of the Jew has been improved, although still subject to many galling restrictions. Dr. Nordau wrote at a time when the Anti-Semitic prejudice was raging in Germany with peculiar violence, and he pictured an extreme case. But if his play, like most bits of special pleading, is somewhat extravagant in its illustrations of moral and intellectual virtue on the one side and gross bigotry on the other, it deals fairly and forcibly with the general question, and demonstrates in vivid fashion the follies and crimes of racial and religious hatreds. Incidentally it satirizes with pungent vigor various absurdities of the German military code of honor, and the atrocious illiberality of a certain brand of ecclesiastics. Politically it is a strong appeal to the Jews to reassert their nationality. The warning that the stage rights are reserved seems rather superfluous. It is not at all likely that any manager here would dream of producing anything at once so undramatic and contentious. But as a study of one of the problems in European politics it is both illuminating and interesting.

J. Comyns Carr is the latest dramatist to attempt a solution of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." He has made a play out of the unfinished Dickens story, in which Beerbohm Tree is soon to be seen at His Majesty's Theatre in London, in the character of John Jasper. It is hinted that Mr. Carr has invented a dénouement different from any of those which have been hitherto suggested. The question is not one of much importance. It would be quite in accordance with theatrical custom if he brought Drood back to life again for the sake of the conventional happy ending. The character of Jasper seems to be well within the range of Mr. Tree's best abilities, and ought to afford him a good opportunity.

During her provincial tour in England next autumn, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will produce an English version of Hofmansthal's "Electra," which has had a long run in Berlin and great success throughout Germany. The adaptation will be done by Arthur Symons, and the music is to be composed by Cyril Scott. In Berlin the piece provoked much controversy, some critics protesting against its very modern treatment of the ancient classic. Hofmansthal made his first success with "Gestern," a play in blank verse written at the age of sixteen. "Œdipus" and "The Sphinx," his most recent productions, have both won public favor.

It is announced that Madame Modjeska is contemplating a brief professional season in some of the larger cities next winter.

Leoncavallo's new opera, "The Red Blouse," is based on an episode of the period when Austria ruled Venice. Two brothers, one of whom is in sympathy with Austria, while the other is an ardent Venetian patriot, are infatuated with the same girl. She loves the patriot and makes no secret of her preference. Vowing vengeance, the rejected lover denounces his brother to the police as a Garibaldian. His immediate arrest follows. The girl, expecting his prompt execution, and guessing his brother's crime, sends for the latter and promises to be his if he can secure the release of the prisoner. The brother eagerly agrees to testify in his favor. The day of the trial comes. A gunshot is to tell her that he is sentenced to death, while a trumpet signal will indicate his acquittal. The brother, having given his testimony and feeling sure of the other's acquittal, hastens to the girl to claim her as his own. As he enters a shot is heard. With a wild cry the girl draws a dagger and stabs him. The shot, however, proves to have been accidental. While the girl abandons herself to her grief, friends arrive and announce that her lover is free. Curtain.

Japan has taken up European music seriously. Kobe has a Chopin Club, which gave a concert on May 3. A large portrait was displayed over the stage, and the walls on all sides were decorated with biographical facts concerning the composer. In Tokio, on April 30, S. Saito, the well-known organist, gave a recital of Bach's works. Tokio has an Academy of the Piano, the faculty of which consists of "more than twenty Japanese pianists of prominence."

Art.

An important work has just been published by the Grolier Club—Dr. D. McN. Stauffer's "American Engravers upon Copper and Steel," issued in two handsome octavo volumes, printed at the De Vinne Press, and containing forty-three full-page reproductions, of which twenty-three are photogravures. Three hundred and fifty-three copies have been printed, three being on Japan paper. One of these three is as usual for the Club library; the other two will be offered at auction to the members at the next annual meeting.

Dr. Stauffer's work really opens up a new field, and is the first attempt to record systematically the professional lives of about 700 American engravers. These biographical sketches, which in a large number of cases are entirely new material not accessible elsewhere, fill the first volume. The second volume contains full descriptions of about 3,500 engravings and their "states," executed by men who were actively employed in or prior to the year 1825. This date was selected as marking about the beginning of what may be termed the commercial era of engraving, when large companies were organized and the actual engraver's name no longer appeared upon the plate. The number of plates issued during those prosperous years from 1825 to the introduction of the photo-processes was enormous, one concern having issued more than 25,000 separate plates.

Except in the case of the very earliest engravers whose minor work even is important, not every plate is described, but generally only portraits, buildings, historical views, and some large and important plates. Ordinary book-illustrations, not falling under these heads, have been for the most part excluded. Plates of this "subject" type were often used again and again for different books by various publications, the lettering being altered, as required, until they were worn out.

The descriptions of the prints are accurate, done, with a few exceptions, from the engravings themselves, and include lined transcripts of the legends. The arrangement is alphabetical by the name of the engraver, and under the engraver alphabetically by subject as to the portraits, the views and miscellaneous prints being put at the end. We may here point out an oversight in the make-up of the book which will serve to exasperate many a user of the volume. The headlines are uniform throughout, and the engraver's name is not carried over from page to page. If it is desired to consult any particular engraver, the book is likely to open in the middle of the description of the work of some prolific artist, and it may be necessary to turn backward or forward several pages before one can determine the location of the author. Uniform headlines are, in a book of reference, a waste of space which might be better occupied. Collectors who have had occasion to use Foley's "American Authors" will appreciate our criticism.

In a lecture delivered before the members of the British Academy on the "Column of Trajan," Commendatore Boni, director of excavations in the Roman Forum, gave an interesting account of his latest researches on that subject. Until recently it was commonly believed by archæologists that Trajan's column had been erected to indicate the height of a hill cut away in order to level the area for the Forum Ulpium, the dedicatory inscription (*ad declarandum quantæ altitudinis mons et locus tantis operibus sit egestus*) having been interpreted to convey that meaning. This view, however, did not seem to Commendatore Boni to be in accord with the few statements of ancient writers on the subject, where the column is referred to as a sepulchre, and he therefore determined to investigate the matter. He soon found that in the inner vestibule at the base of the column there were still visible traces of a door which had been walled up and plastered over. On removal of the plaster and part of the masonry, it was found that the door led into an atrium, which, in its turn, led into a chamber, within which were the remains of a funeral table; moreover, just above the table, holes had been

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drilled in the marble wall of the chamber, presumably for clamps to support two urns. On the evidence of an inscription, now in the Vatican Lapidarium, stating that Hadrian had erected a temple in honor of his parents Trajan and Plotina, which temple had stood close to the column, Boni ingeniously inferred that the chamber which he had discovered was a sepulchral chamber, and that the funeral table had supported two urns containing the ashes of Trajan and his wife. On making careful trigonometrical calculations, it was furthermore found that the column was a "columna centenaria," exactly 100 feet high; it is at least improbable that a hill should have been exactly this height. What proved Commendatore Boni's contention beyond dispute was the fact that, on digging various pits in the vicinity of the column and also across the whole width of the valley occupied by the Forum Ulpium, remains of early imperial and republican work, such as roads, foundations, drains, were laid bare. At one spot were even found traces of a wall of blocks of tufa, which we know, from similar remains elsewhere, probably date from the 4th century B. C. This shows that, long before the column was built, the valley between the Quirinal and the Capitol had been practically a level plain and not a hill. The dedicatory inscription, which has hitherto been used as evidence for the existence of such a hill, Boni now interprets as referring to the height and noble proportions of the buildings which had been erected both on the level of the Forum Ulpium and on the slope of the neighboring hill, and of which a view could be had from the top of the column.

An alphabetical and fully illustrated catalogue of all the French drawings in the Louvre and the Museum of Versailles is an enterprise that cannot fail to win the interest of students. This enormous task has been undertaken by Jean Guiffrey and Pierre Mond, and the work bears the imprint of the Librairie Centrale d'Art et d'Architecture, Paris. In the first volume the roll is carried from Adam to Bouchardon. The list is printed clearly in double columns, there are tables of watermarks, collectors' stamps and those of museums, finally an index of proper names. One can hardly imagine a better arranged or more prepossessing piece of scientific classification. One may regret that so many cuts, excellent photogravures, have been crowded upon each plate. The editors have evidently destined the reproductions rather for the purpose of identification than for study. A few cuts, however, take advantage of the generous quarto page. The most welcome of these in the present volume is the Assumption in sepia, ascribed to that consummate miniaturist of the fourteenth century, Beauneveu. Each volume costs thirty-five francs, and the series will apparently run into the twenties, requiring perhaps as many years for its completion. The descriptive but cumbrous title is "Inventaire général des dessins du Musée du Louvre et du Musée de Versailles." The work forms part of the collection Archives des Musées Nationaux et de l'École du Louvre.

Charles Morice, the well-known Paris critic, has made a valuable contribution to the history of modern painting in his study, "Eugène Carrière" (Paris: Société du Mercure de France). This little volume is made up largely of the writings and sayings of Carrière, who was the author's friend. It is an exposition, not a criticism. Since Carrière was not merely a creator of theories concerning the painter's art, but also had the much rarer gift of working according to programme, and actually prevailing thereby, this intimate revelation of his mind is of no common interest. He believed firmly in that principle of correspondences which he shared with Rodin and many of the Symbolists. The business of art, he felt, was to discern and assert the intimate relations between man and man, between the animate and inanimate creation—relations obscured if not denied by the average careless liver. The beauty of an object for him lay not in its abstract form or color, but in its suggestion of kinship with countless similar objects. What saved this attempt from being merely intellectual and frigid, was that it was based after all on vision primarily, and not on reflection. He saw his sitters, almost invariably his family and friends, in a sort of aura—the famous mist that invests his figures. This envelope dissimulated all narrowly individual traits so that every composition or portrait became a type. Carrière's strong sense of bony and muscular form prevents, however, any loss of character through such simplification. In fact one may say that in becoming generalized types his figures actually gain a higher degree of reality. We have no space to follow his theory in detail or to quote from his many admirable *pensées*. It is a book that should be read entire. We can take exception to M. Morice's frankly adoring attitude only when it leads him to claim for Carrière the greatest gifts as a colorist and decorator. Finally it is suggestive to note so important an achievement made in sheer repudiation of the still popular doctrine of art for art. Carrière's attempt to understand himself and his fellows through the exercise of universal sympathy is the very negation of the ideal of the "ivory tower." His positive fraternalism associates him in some measure with the modern Socialistic movement, with which, however, he had no closer affiliation.

Finance.

Regulation of Commerce Under the Federal Constitution. By Thomas H. Calvert. Northport, N. Y.: Edward Thompson Co.

The conflict of State and Federal jurisdiction so long associated with the question of slavery has taken on a new form during the last quarter-century with the development of industry and the enlargement of the scope of business activity in corporate form. Federal versus State regulation has become a distinctly practical question to the directors of many a large corporation. The extension of Federal interference in various directions and the numerous suggestions for still greater enlargement of the range of Federal activity have turned the inquiring attention of the whole nation to the source and extent of Congressional power over industrial action.

A number of books have appeared within a few years treating in more or less detail the history and judicial interpretation of the interstate commerce clause, the best of them being the recent work by Prentice and Egan. The volume under review is another of the same kind. It is intended primarily as a lawyer's handbook, and it will doubtless serve its purpose successfully, for the arrangement is logical, the cases well chosen, and the significant points in decisions clearly formulated. The book lacks attractiveness for the general reader in the fact that it contains little else than cases—almost no comment, explanation, or summary. Neither does it possess sufficient originality to enable it to usurp the place occupied by its predecessors.

However, the author has occasionally expressed an opinion on a controverted question not yet adjudicated that reveals his fundamental philosophy. From the parallel that a State has power to regulate rates for domestic transportation, he draws the conclusion that Congress has the power directly to prescribe interstate rates within due Constitutional limits.

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He recognizes the existence of a Federal police power similar to that exercised by the States in domestic matters, and believes that the power of Congress to regulate under the interstate commerce clause may be extended to the point of prohibition. But he doubts whether Congress has the absolute and unlimited power to prohibit the transportation of articles respecting the use of which no question of public health, public morals, public safety, or public convenience can arise. For example, while recognizing the wisdom and constitutionality of the pure-food laws, he considers the prohibition in interstate commerce of goods produced by child labor as beyond the power of Congress, and holds it to be a matter of domestic concern entirely within the control of the individual States. We may hope that in this respect he has interpreted our Constitutional law correctly, and that the courts will promptly dispose of the dangerous and pernicious proposition advocated by Senator Beveridge at the last session of Congress, if it is ever enacted into law. Referring to the Wilson act of 1890, which subjects to the operation of State laws intoxicating liquors when transported into any State, the author urges the wisdom of taking one step further in the direction of national and State comity by withdrawing the privilege of importing into a State even for personal use articles in which the laws of the State prohibit traffic—a suggestion which, if adopted, might, in view of the extraordinary character of much of our recent State legislation, work a distinct hardship to the beneficiaries of interstate traffic. Moreover, there is considerable doubt whether the courts would sustain a statute of such sweeping character and of such broad application.

The author's study has impressed him with the wide powers possessed by the States over the instrumentalities of commerce, even in matters affecting their interstate business, and has led him to the same conclusion reached by Secretary Root in his oft-quoted speech, that it is the indifference and the delinquency of the States in adopting adequate regulations that have led to agitation for Federal regulation. "There would be no need to invoke the exercise of the Federal power in such cases if States adopted reasonable regulations to satisfy local requirements or opinions."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashley, R. L. American History for Use in Secondary Schools. Macmillan. $1.40 net.
Laird & Lee's Guide to Historic Virginia and the Jamestown Centennial. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Baker, George Pierce. The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Berglund, Abraham. The United States Steel Corporation. Columbia University Press.
Buchanan, George. Glasgow Quatercentenary Studies. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons.
Davis, J. E. Round About Jamestown. Historical Sketches of the Lower Virginia Peninsula.
Davis, Richard Harding. The Scarlet Car. Scribners. $1.25.
Dewhurst, F. E. The Investment of Truth. Chicago University Press. $1.25 net.
Dexter, Franklin Bowditch. Biographical Sketches of the Graduates of Yale. Vol. IV. Henry Holt & Co.
Drew, G. A. Invertebrate Zoölogy. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $1.25 net.
Freneau, Philip. Poems. Vol. III. Edited by Fred Lewis Pattee. Princeton: The University Library. $9 net the set.
Friedman, Morris. The Pinkerton Labor Spy. Wilshire Book Co.
Gilbert, J. H. Trade and Currency in Early Oregon. Columbia University Press.
Gnauck-Kühne, Elisabeth. Die Deutsche Frau u. die Jahrhundertwende. Berlin: Otto Liebmann.
Huguet, Edmond. Petit Glossaire des Classiques Français du dix-septième Siècle. Paris: Hachette et Cie.
King, Alfred Castner. The Passing of the Storm and Other Poems. Fleming H. Revell Company.
Lafargue, Paul. The Right to Be Lazy. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
La Monte, Robert Rives. Socialism: Positive and Negative. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Logan, J. D. Quantitative Punctuation. Toronto: William Briggs.
Official Postal Guide of the United States. Albany: J. B. Lyon Company.
Old Houses in Edinburgh, drawn by Bruce J. Home. Edinburgh: W. J. Hay.
Smith, Dr. Samuel G. The Industrial Conflict. Fleming H. Revell Company. $1 net.
Smith, Preserved. Luther's Table Talk. Columbia University Press.
Spargo, John. Capitalist and Laborer. Modern Socialism. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
The Seamy Side. A Story of the True Conditions of Things Theatrical by One Who Has Spent Twenty Years Among Them. Boston: Percy Ives Publishing Co. $1.50.
Voyages of Samuel de Champlain, 1604-1618. Edited by W. L. Grant. Scribners. $3 net.
Widney, Joseph P. Race Life of the Aryan Peoples. 2 vols. Funk & Wagnalls. $4 net per set.

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